New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The End of the Arabian Nightmare?

A TERSE announcement from Riyadh, the capital of Saudi Arabia, has sent a thrill of fear through the West. King Saud, the pivotal figure in the Eisenhower Doctrine, has handed over the government—though not the crown—to his brother Feisal, a man reputed to be a friend, admirer and camp-follower of Nasser. The event is seen as a crucial victory for Egypt and a threat to America's oil interests and bases. 'Is America now facing her own Abadan?' ask the *Daily Express*, with vindictive gloom.

The truth is at once more complex and less alarming. The Saudi political crisis, which culminated in Sunday's palace revolution, was set in motion two weeks ago, when Damascus revealed details of a plot which, it claimed, was instigated by King Saud. The story was dismissed in the West as yet another melodramatic fiction conjured up by Nasser's propaganda machine. Yet strangely enough, Saud issued no denial; he merely disclaimed knowledge of the plot and promised to appoint a board of inquiry. It now seems very probable that the substance of the story was correct. Bribes were offered to Colonel Serraj to sabotage the Egyptian-Syrian union—though not to kill Nasser—and cash was supplied from Saud's personal funds. That Saud himself was involved seems doubtful, but his personal advisers have come under direct suspicion.

The ensuing scandal naturally reflected on the entire Saudi royal family. All Arabs, whatever their politics, are passionately attached to the cause of Arab unity. That the House of Saud—the custodian of the Holy Places—should have attempted to prevent its accomplishment was unthinkable. Hence a family council was held in Riyadh. There, it emerged that the King's implication in the plot was a direct consequence of his chaotic system of government, which allows his courtiers, who often act without his knowledge, to dispose of state funds.

For some time, this system has been under growing criticism. Saud inherited from his father, Ibn-Saud, a patriarchal and primitive governmental machine, which even in the old king's last years was manifestly breaking down. Since Saud's accession, the state income from oil royalties has doubled and is running at the rate of $300 million. Yet Saud has made no attempt to change his father's methods. No accounts have been kept. The constitution, which provides for local councils, has never been implemented. The Cabinet—of which Feisal is nominally the head—has never functioned. Despite advances on royalties from Aramco—now in the region of $1,000 million—the state is bankrupt, and the *rial* has lost 40 per cent. of its value since 1956. Work still continues on Saud's $90 million series of palaces, but the building of Riyadh's new hospital has been halted for lack of funds.

The plot, in short, merely brought to a head the feeling among the more enlightened members of the Saudi royal family, led by Feisal, that the present system could not be allowed to continue. Feisal, who unlike his brother is educated and widely travelled, is aware that, if the House of Saud is to survive, sweeping reforms are imperative. The family have now given him a doctor's mandate and he has already indicated the course he intends to take by dismissing Saud's five principal courtiers. He plans to introduce a modern departmental system of government, with audited accounts, strict treasury control and annual budgets. He also intends to draw up a written criminal and civil code and—most important of all—to establish a permanent Development Board, modelled on the successful Iraqi experiment, which will invest a fixed percentage of the oil revenues in agriculture, housing, industry and communications.

To what extent will Nasser benefit from the new order? Certainly, Egypt can expect Feisal to reject any request to join the Iraqi-Jordan federation, and to repair the recent breach between Cairo and Riyadh. But he is unlikely to sever Arabia's economic and military ties with America or to follow Syria into union. In all probability, he will continue Saud's cautious fence-sitting, though with more finesse. The significance of the Saudi crisis, in fact, is not external but internal, and the chief beneficiaries will be the Bedouin tribesmen. In assessing Feisal's *coup*, therefore, we should remember that Nasser's appeal is to inequality and want, and that the West's most reliable allies in the Middle East may be well-fed Arabs.

Comments on the Week's News

The Nuclear German Army

This week the West German Bundestag voted to provide rocket sites in the Federal Republic and to equip the Bundeswehr with the latest atomic weapons, including rockets with nuclear warheads. As our Bonn correspondent observes in a dispatch on the opposite page, this means that the West German army can be, and probably will be, in possession of nuclear equipment in two years from now. Could any conceivable development of policy do more to bring the danger of war closer? It is still theoretically possible that the bogey will not materialise. A great majority of West Germans oppose the Bundestag decision; and if sufficient protest develops in Britain and France, Dr Adenauer's position may become so isolated as to be an embarrassment even to General Norstad and Mr Dulles. No doubt the propagandists will now set their techniques in motion for confusing public opinion. We shall be told that it is incompatible with German sovereignty to refuse the latest weapons; that such a refusal would turn West Germany to the east; that, in any case, the German army is built into Nato and cannot use its weapons without the consent of its allies. Comparably spurious arguments were used with remarkable disingenuousness to sell the original decision to rearm Germany: they were coupled then with the absolute assurance that German arms would never include nuclear weapons. Never has there been greater force than now in the case for disengagement: once Adenauer – followed of course by Grotewohl – joins the nuclear club, it is hard to see how anybody can be blackballed.

The Malta Breakdown

Whatever may be said against Mr Lennox-Boyd's handling of the Malta negotiations – and his financial proposals have certainly been ungenerous and politically unimaginative – Mr Mintoff has shown himself a bad tactician. By continuing to force into the negotiations the choice between integration and independence, he has in effect reopened the whole question of integration, which might otherwise have been regarded as finally settled. Mr Lennox-Boyd can thus offer, with some superficial appearance of good faith and sweet reason, 'interim' proposals which specifically reserve the crucial constitutional issue. He has, of course, strong political motives for doing so: integration, though recommended (with a single, not very weighty, dissentient) by the Round-table Conference and formally accepted by both parties, has always been very unpopular with Tory back-benchers, and has become increasingly a subject of criticism since Mr Mintoff became difficult. Mr Lennox-Boyd may be privately thankful to find a face-saving excuse for shelving the whole matter; and no doubt it is this political consideration which has led him to choose, arbitrarily as it seems, the present moment to break publicly with Mintoff. The tragedy of all this – and this is why Mr Mintoff must bear a considerable share of responsibility for the present situation – is that independence is, and always has been, a totally unviable concept for Malta. It is just because the economic problem of the island cannot be solved without external help that Mr Mintoff feels himself obliged to adopt an intransigent attitude over his financial demands. The alternatives for the people of Malta to integration or the continuance of full colonial status are, in fact, two: either they starve quickly on their own volcanic rock or they starve slowly with the Sicilians. In next week's debate the opposition may be expected to propose some reasonable way out of the present unnecessary financial deadlock. But their main task must be to remind the House and the public once again of the essential conclusion of the Round-table Conference – that there is no real future for Malta except integration.

Spring Strike?

The London busmen's claim is now less ambitious than the original demand for 25s. a week. In normal circumstances, indeed, it would be relatively easy to bridge the gap between London Transport's offer of 8s. 6d. for the 34,000 crew members, and the union's counter-claim of 10s. 6d. for the total bus staff of 53,000. But if London Transport, under pressure from the government, refuses to make any further concession, then the busmen are ready to strike. They are now in a somewhat stronger bargaining position than if they had chosen to go it alone at an earlier stage. Tuesday's decision gives Mr Cousins time to wait for the provincial busmen to catch up with their claim – though he has gone along with the London militants, his personal preference still seems to be for a national settlement – and for the railwaymen to decide whether to accept or fight whatever award they get from arbitration. The Transport Executive, and behind it the government, may yet be faced with a powerful and co-ordinated front of the transport unions. This would be a formidable alliance, which would force the government at last to decide whether to seek a showdown on the industrial front or to abandon the wage-line it has been holding so precariously all winter. The danger for the unions was that the London busmen might be pushed into an isolated and perhaps unsuccessful strike and thus make things more difficult for the claimants behind them in the queue. Mr Cousins seemed to have saved them from that hazard. As industrial conditions worsen – and the situation in the coalfields is already disturbing – it is common sense for the transport unions to get together.

Tensions in Kenya

The situation in Kenya is more dangerously balanced than at any time since 1952. The eight present African members and all the candidates for the six extra seats are refusing either to accept ministerial office or to take part in the cross-bench elections within the Legislative Council. On the other hand, Mr E. A. Vasey, the Minister of Finance, who is not only the ablest member of the government but the most liberal European politician, has declared that he will resign his present membership of the Legislative Council and stand for a cross-bench seat. Election to this depends upon support from all three races. By taking this stand Mr Vasey has courageously put his political future at stake on the principle of cross-racial election of which he is the leading proponent. But the fact is that whereas a European elected to the cross-bench is likely to be liberally minded because of the support he must secure from Africans and Asians, an African elected by the same method will be considered as a stooge because he has to attract European support. The object of this cross-bench exercise amongst members of the Legislative Council is to pave the way for the introduction of common roll elections throughout the country. There is a danger that in their present boycott the African members may turn their followers against the common roll principle itself, but this tendency will only be aggravated if Europeans put up stooge African candidates. In the present mood of African politics, constitutional deadlock stares Kenya in the face. The one move which could avoid it is a clear declaration by the British government that the objective in this colony is a fully democratic system with equal political rights constitutionally guaranteed to each citizen of every race.

Obstruction in Buganda

At the time of the Kabaka's deportation in 1953 an artificial unity was forced on the traditionalists and the new politicians of Buganda. This, indeed, was one of the main criticisms of the Governor's action at that time. The falsity of this union is now being exposed. As a result of the 1955 agreement by which the Kabaka was allowed to return, direct elections were promised from Buganda to the Protectorate Legislative Council. The political parties and, in particular, the National Congress, pressed for such elections in order to increase the representative character of the Council. Democratic elections, however, always threaten traditional rule and in this case they would clearly undermine the control of the Kabaka and his court. The traditionalists therefore adopted tactics calculated to obstruct this democratic procedure. The Buganda government objected to the appointment of chiefs as assistant registration officers by claiming that to take the necessary oaths would conflict with their oath of allegiance to the Kabaka. The protectorate government circumvented this plea by providing for their authority to stem from the Chief Minister and their oaths to be taken before a Buganda magistrate. Meanwhile both Congress and the Democratic Party publicly supported the holding of elections. Now, however, the Lukiko have decided against direct elections from Buganda to the Legislative Council: it seems that the traditionalists have won this round. It is obvious from the recent unscrupulous persecution of politicians by the Buganda government that an open clash between traditionalists and politicians is imminent. The real choice is clearly between a continuation of conservative, aristocratic rule and the development of a democratic representative system.

NEXT WEEK

Bertrand Russell replies to Dulles and Krushchev

Owing to Easter arrangements next week's New Statesman will be on sale on Thursday, one day earlier than usual.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Torrington

War of Succession

Norman MacKenzie writes: On the wall of the Liberal committee room in Bideford hangs a map of the Torrington constituency – all 600 square miles of it. At the bottom, where the boundary peters out into Dartmoor, someone has written: 'No-man's-land'. The phrase fits the whole division. Since 1891, the Lambert family has ruled here, father and son, Liberal and National Liberal. Now the dynastic line has been broken, and three claimants have been fighting a guerilla war of succession.

It has been an odd campaign, for each of the three contenders has lacked a clear title. Mr Royle assumed the inheritance was his by right of two years' hard work, a good local organisation, and his vice-presidencies in the Crediton Rugger Club and the Torrington Agricultural Society. This was a reasonable assumption, even though the National Liberal uniform was a poor fit on the model Young Conservative. Mr Bonham-Carter, believing that the time had come for the Liberals of the west to return to the House of Asquith, appeared as the Young Pretender, and he and his mother shook out the old flag on Bideford quay. He, too, had some claim, because he had already raided the north-western parishes when they were part of the old Barnstable division. Mr Lamb, with no pretence at Liberal legitimacy, quietly rallied his partisans in an effort to profit from the dynastic quarrels: in this area, where the roots of Liberalism are deeper than the current protest, and where the voters are still undisciplined by party machines, Labour remains in the pioneering phase.

What, then, has this election been about? Even the candidates seemed uncertain, overwhelmed by the physical effort of rallying support over so many miles, dazed by the travelling circus of pressmen and pollsters. What should have been a quiet contest in a division cut off from the mainstream of party politics suddenly became a tough and complicated fight for the future of Liberalism. But no one can deny that it has been fun – 'like an old print', said an American observer who had been delighted to happen upon an election that properly belongs to the 19th century, that dark age before Dr Gallup and David Butler discovered the magic of psephology. Trollope might have described the hustings on the quayside, or the Liberal rhetoric swept down the gale to the handful of old men huddled behind the public lavatory, or Mr Royle earnestly assuring two men and five chickens that he would 'fight for Hands Cross at Westminster' as devotedly as he would speak for Zeal Monachorum. The *Clarion* could have carried a report of Mr Lamb holding the first Labour meeting in a remote hamlet, the audience graded neatly from the gentry in the front to the tenants at the back.

Does it all matter? Does the poll really show what the farmers feel about prices, what Bideford and Appledore think of growing unemployment, how Okehampton reacts to the H-bomb? Or has the Torrington election been merely a picturesque sideshow, without much relevance to the clash of the two main parties in the marginal seats? At any other time it might have been just that. But, driven on by their success at Gloucester, Ipswich and Rochdale, the Liberals had to test their strength on this most favourable ground where they could challenge the Tory right to inherit the Liberal vote through the Simonite succession. It was a gamble that they could not funk, however it might complicate their relations with the Tories elsewhere.

Bonn

Germans and Atomic Weapons

A Correspondent writes: The foreign policy debate in the Bundestag just concluded was one of the longest and most unruly in the nine years of its existence. Government and opposition parties had earlier agreed to postpone the debate until the international situation was less confused. This was during Adenauer's vacation. Immediately on his return, however, the Chancellor demanded, and got the debate. It is said that he later regretted this move. Whether he did or not, is beside the point, for he achieved a long desired aim – to remove from the western democracies any doubts about the Federal government's reliability in foreign policy. It stands firmly for atomic arming of the Bundeswehr, and sees its future in Nato.

Adenauer's urgency in demanding this debate can be adequately explained only on grounds of foreign policy. Fundamental to the Chancellor's views on the present world situation as it affects his country's interests is the fear that some future Summit conference may lead to the neutralising of Germany. To avoid such an eventuality, and to prevent his own countrymen from wandering from the western fold, Adenauer seeks to bind the Federal Republic to the democracies with bands of iron. He also desires that there shall be no shadow of doubt as to its loyalty to Nato.

The Chancellor on his return from vacation had to realise once again how divided even his own coalition are on such an issue. On the atomic arming of the Bundeswehr, they are even more divided. For Adenauer it is most essential that

such disagreements should not lead to suspicions in Washington. And during the next few months it had already become evident a clear answer would be demanded from Bonn. In April, the Nato defence ministers discuss the future of conventional and atomic armaments. Defence Minister Franz Joseph Strauss wants to report his country's willingness to accept whatever decisions are taken in Paris. Strauss returned recently from the US and announced that by 3 April West Germany must decide whether it wants Matador missiles, so that arrangements for American training of German personnel could be made. If this offer is accepted, the first German Nato group armed with atomic weapons could be ready by 1960.

This recent debate would therefore have had to come very soon, if Adenauer's foreign policy advisers were going to follow his lead. Despite all this public opinion here at the moment is strongly opposed to atomic rearming of the Bundeswehr. A recent inquiry by EMNID (a reliable institute of public opinion) showed that more than 80 per cent. of those questioned were against atomic rocket launching bases on German territory. These results showed little difference as far as men and women were concerned, or professions or occupations, or age groups. Even among supporters of the government, 71 per cent. were against such bases.

A large public meeting of protest in Frankfurt on 22 March, addressed by leading scientists, politicians, trade unionists and theologians, was intended as the first step toward a nation-wide campaign against 'atomic death'. The Evangelical Church is also to consider this issue at its next synod on 26 April.

Westminster

Nights of Madness

Mr Emrys Hughes stopped in mid paragraph, lowered his voice and allowed an expression of blissful reasonableness to play upon his rugged face. Here was that rare phenomenon, a parliamentarian who has listened to an opponent's argument and been convinced by it. 'I agree,' he said, nodding judiciously. 'The House of Lords has its place in our national life – not at Westminster, but in Madame Tussauds.' Before the evening was out Miss Jennie Lee was able to suggest another resting place – the Victoria Palace – since parts of the committee stage of the Life Peerages Bill this week reached heights attained hitherto only by the Crazy Gang.

The Bud Flanagan of the occasion, as usual, was Mr Leslie Hale. Mr Donald Chapman had proposed that the number of life peers at any one time should be limited to 100 and Mr David Renton, replying with all the solemnity of which he is capable – which is a lot – said that the Prime Minister's hands should not be fettered in this way. This made Hale look as Flanagan looks when he catches Nervo drinking the baby's milk. Bursting with a sense of outrage, Hale protested that it was not the Prime Minister but the Queen who created peers and that Renton was attempting to curtail the powers of the Crown. He demanded the protection of the chair for Her Majesty.

Then he launched into an impassioned defence of the peerage as a whole. He liked them, as he liked port, old, mature and fruity; but any sort, it appeared, would do. He protested because Major Legge-Bourke had described the possible elevation of Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn as 'kicking him upstairs'. The correct description of this operation, said Hale, looking twice his normal

size, was 'Her Majesty calls upon her trusted and well-beloved counsellor, my honourable friend the Member for Bristol South East, ennobles him and invites him to advise her in another place.' Finally, he demanded that life peers should have the same privileges as hereditary peers, including the right to be hanged by a silken rope. This was an important point since, as everyone knew, there had been a lot of crime in the House of Lords. Soon Chapman had come forward with another proposal, that life peers should be only of the rank of baron. This further enraged Hale. Again he sprang to the defence of the Crown. Sovereigns should have the right to reward loyal subjects as they thought fit. Had not King George I made Emmengarde Melusina a duchess because she was one of his most trusted and intimate counsellors who took her duties so seriously that she was in fact on duty both day and night?

By now others were joining the Gang. Mr Michael Stewart, with an air of studious puzzlement – copied from Teddy Knox? – sought guidance on a number of questions. If a life peer were subsequently created a hereditary peer would he be entitled to two seats in the House of Lords? Hale had the answer to this one. The life peerage, he said, would merge into the hereditary peerage. The real trouble would be if a life baron became a hereditary earl and then married a countess in her own right. It was going to mean that every major domo in the West End would have to read for the bar. Stewart was not wholly satisfied. It seemed unfair to him that a man who sat in the Lords both as a baron and an earl should only have one vote.

By the time this lot had finished with the debate, no one was taking the Lords seriously. Unhappily, the Crazy Gang who alone can make the Lords seem even more ridiculous than they are, were temporarily banished by the subsequent discussion on whether women should be made life peers or not. Jennie Lee thought they should not, since women would merely be used to make a disreputable place more respectable and Emrys Hughes also thought they should not since, according to Mr Tom Johnston, the Lords is composed mainly of 'descendants of successful pirates and rogues' and is therefore no place for tender women. But Mrs Bessie Braddock thought otherwise. So did Lady Tweedsmuir and Mr Herbert Morrison, who could not bring themselves to exclude women from anything which was open to men. Their difficulty could have been met by excluding men as well as women from the Lords, but this point was not pressed. The debate will continue next week. Twice nightly.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

'They're Off!'

We have now reached the blessed season of the year when, although a little short of breath from having to run so hard to keep in the same circulation race, Fleet Street moves into calmer weather. With luck circulation managers may now hope to get home occasionally to see their wives and children and give their stomach ulcers a rest. The flat racing season has begun. And a run of winners can do more than any number of bright ideas hatched out over lunch in the Savoy Grill to keep the presses roaring at the right speed. There have been strong men of high moral instincts in the past – the Cadburys at one time, George Lansbury in the days of the old *Daily Herald* at another – who have sought to set themselves against racing. All in time were forced to capitulate. No one struggles any longer. Even *The Times*, which once used to require of its racing readers almost as much solid brainwork in working out the practical consequences of its excellent service of information from the turf as is needed to follow one of its first leaders on moral imperatives and politics, now gives tips.

So great a date in the Fleet Street year as the start of the flat season naturally calls for fireworks. These have not been lacking on this occasion. In readiness for the opening at the beginning of this week all the popular national dailies devoted substantial slabs of their front pages last Saturday to extolling their own special prophets of fortune and to setting imaginations afire with the winnings to come. 'Newsboy Is The Tops,' shouted the *Daily Mirror* over some five columns – 'Newsboy' being its own particular 'National Newspaper Expert'. 'Follow the Men Who Find the Winners,' urged the *Express*, shouting loyally and loud for 'The Scout' and Peter O'Sullevan – 'Together they represent a success no others can match!' 'The racing world,' *Daily Mail* readers were told, 'is talking about the *Daily Mail*.' 'The punter's best bet,' countered the *News Chronicle*, 'will be the *News Chronicle*.' Even *Daily Worker* readers were given the treatment.

Racing is clearly a more serious business than politics, foreign affairs, or industrial issues. One chief correspondent in each of these subjects is enough for most papers. Not so when it comes to the Turf. No fewer than five men with inside knowledge cater for the betting needs of *Daily Mail* readers, four for those of the *Daily Herald*. There are three each for the *Express* and the *News Chronicle*. Even *The Times* has two. This can be somewhat bewildering to seekers after certainties, since the judgment of all these eminent authorities on form does not always coincide. In fact the really earnest student of the national morning press alone has to pick his way among some 25 or more opinions before he can feel himself fully informed as to what is being said in the best circles – and after that he still has the provincial and afternoon papers to get to work on. This may make life somewhat overcrowded for the punter. Not that he seems to mind; all the evidence suggests that he laps it up. But a diversity of judgment has great advantage for the individual newspapers. By reason of it each of them is in the happy position of being able to back several horses in the same circulation race. And as over 4,500 horses will compete in 2,400 races during the flat season this year, there is plenty of choice for everyone.

However, the fight for circulation being what it is in these days even the austere columns of the racing pages can no longer be left entirely free from gimmicks. The intellectual masters of pedigree, form and hard and soft going, whose names have been household words for years, are having to be reinforced by other means of binding the seeker after fortune to the right paper. The *Daily Mail* has produced a racing calculator modestly described as the 'biggest boon to the racing public ever offered by any newspaper'. This not only calculates the winnings of the lucky *Mail* readers but offers them, in conjunction with a 'code message' printed in each morning, 'a secret tip – the latest whisper from the racing stables'. The *Daily Express* offers a special 'Punter's Diary' – 'an invaluable friend', giving 'all the facts and dates you need'. Meanwhile the *Herald*, frankly confessing 'It is common knowledge that one of the most difficult jobs in journalism is the forecasting of racing winners', is running a national search for Britain's Champion Amateur Tipster. Meanwhile the *News Chronicle* – which has featured an 'Amateur Tipster' for some time – is offering prizes for the best racing (i.e., betting) system put forward by a reader.

I have a feeling, however, that maybe the *Daily Sketch* has already found the answer to this one. On behalf of its readers it has backed every horse in the Grand National. '£100 each way on the first and second favourites and £50 each way on ALL the other horses . . . the Biggest, Boldest Bet of the Year.' By this system *Sketch* readers – subject only to success in a simple competition ('as easy as falling off a horse') at 3d a time – can be assured, so they are told, of winning at least £1,000 and possibly £13,333. Once again Fleet Street is backing the favourite—hard.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Caribbean Birthday

WHENEVER Clyde Walcott steps out of the pavilion he is rapturously greeted by Jamaicans and Trinidadians. Every wicket taken by Sonny Ramadin provokes delirious applause from Barbadians. Collie Smith's performances in batting, bowling and fielding are the pride of everyone in the Leewards and Windwards. Walcott comes from Barbados; Ramadin from Trinidad; Smith from Jamaica. But only when the West Indies cricket team is playing do the islanders from the Windwards and Leewards, from Jamaica, Trinidad and Barbados, recognise themselves as 'West Indians'.

Federation of the West Indies was born this week when the first federal elections were held. Its primary object, in a sense, is to extend national feeling from the cricket ground into politics. Each of the ten islands (Jamaica, St. Kitts, Montserrat, Antigua, Dominica, St. Lucia, Grenada, St. Vincent, Barbados and Trinidad) is today separately administered and has to face its economic and social problems on its own. Yet these problems arise from common historical causes. For over 300 years Europeans fought for possession of the Caribbean; and, when its productive and strategic value was exhausted, they left its peoples for another hundred years to face the resulting chaos. The system of sugar plantations established wealthy and often absentee landlords on vast estates, leaving the ex-slave peasants with meagre plots and neither the knowledge nor resources to develop them effectively. The result was that from the time of emancipation until the Second World War, the West Indian masses floundered in a morass of ignorance, poverty, disease, with too many people chasing too little land in tiny isolated islands.

Since the Thirties, some social amelioration has been achieved. Too often, however, it has aggravated the basic problem. Mortality has fallen, but more people are drawing on resources which are scarcely more plentiful than previously. Yet can a federation of these poverty-ridden islands produce any greater progress? What is the practical meaning of unity when each of these communities depends similarly on exporting fruit and sugar in order to pay for the expensive imports of most necessities? Federation is an essential step towards statehood, but the new state will still have to discover how three million people can live in ten small islands, organised to produce virtually a single crop. From the start the Federal government is faced with severe limitations. Its revenue will be less than £2m a year, and for five years it is not to have power to break down the barriers against inter-island migration. Moreover, the constitution cannot be reviewed for the next five years, no immediate customs union is to be established, and even the site at Chaguaramus where the capital is to be established has not yet been ceded by the Americans.

This weakness in federal powers is reflected in the decisions by Norman Manley, Eric Williams and Vere Bird not to stand for federal election. Manley and Williams consider it more important at present to control their own islands' development and ensure the adherence of Jamaica and Trinidad to the Federation, while Bird believes that his most important task is still in Antigua. Considering that Jamaica and Trinidad are to contribute 43 and 39 per cent. respectively of the federal revenues, and that their bauxite and oil provide the basis for the only substantial industrial activity in the area, these decisions are probably sound. They nevertheless expose the fact that for the time being what happens in the two large islands is considered more important than the actions of the federal government itself.

If the federation were mainly an economic venture its prospects would be gloomy in the extreme. But it is much more than this. The acceptance of federation itself is proof that West Indians are emerging from their slave-ridden lethargy; that they are beginning to realise that their problems can be solved only by co-operative efforts; that their African, Asian and European inhabitants have largely overcome racial separatism.

Two federal parties fought the elections, and while Bustamante's 'Democratic Labour Party' is little more than a collection of self-seeking individuals, the West Indian Federal Labour Party has genuinely won the support of the Labour movements in each of the islands. Led in the House by the Barbadian Grantley Adams, it will make a brave attempt to relate the first principles of Socialism to the elementary problems facing West Indians. Already in Jamaica and Trinidad, the bauxite and oil companies are being called on to make higher contributions to the national revenues. Fresh development is essential, but the new government will ensure that its operations are controlled. It may even eventually find the opportunity to introduce some form of TVA machinery. If the land can be intensely cultivated and food supplies for local consumption produced, the necessity for emigration and the dangerous drift into the overcrowded towns may be reduced. A reduction of population pressure will have to be further sought through birth control, and already the Jamaican and Barbadian governments have had the courage to face Catholic opposition by subsidising family planning associations. Above all, federation can lead to a genuine sense of nationality. Much depends here on the efforts in adult education. Already new feelings of community have sprung from federal propaganda and from the election campaign.

The march towards nationhood may have started hesitantly, led forward by the voices of a few, but once begun it can never turn back. The new nation will soon claim independence, full membership of the Commonwealth and the United Nations. It may then find further strength and opportunity from the adherence of British Guiana and the Bahamas. Only a genuine national community can rally the spirit to overcome profound social and economic handicaps. The birth of a new nation is never a minor affair, but when it is conceived from the descendants of three separate continents, all who value human fraternity more than race are the richer.

Business on the Rocks

FOR all the lushness of the American economy in the years since the war, the national memory of the Great Depression has evidently not been buried more than a layer or two beneath the surface. Not that there is anything like panic as the current recession deepens – even the gloomiest Cassandras foresee no recurrence of 1929 and what followed – but the mere recollection of that nightmare time has generated a fierce pressure on government to act in the Roosevelt tradition. It has developed in Congress a great sensitivity to that demand, moreover, and left some high-ranking Republicans, including Vice-President Nixon, with a lively fear that unless an upturn comes very soon, the identification of their party with hard times will once again doom them to years of wandering in the political wilderness.

Until the beginning of this year the threat of a major economic setback was not taken too seriously by an Administration more intent on checking a slowly creeping inflation than concerned about rising unemployment. As recently as last September, President Eisenhower, who favours leaving the regulation of the economy as far and as vaguely as possible to the people at large, was suggesting that they 'buy selectively and carefully'. But what was then merely a downward-tending curve on the graphs of the economists has now become a vivid, palpable reality. Official figures show the total of unemployed now up to 5,173,000, a post-war record. What is worse, the number rose by some 700,000 in February, a month that does not usually see any increase at all in unemployment.

In New York, which is not among the cities hardest hit, one worker out of 15 is without a job. Bankrupt businessmen are still pretty far from having to sell apples on street corners and distraught executives have not been jumping out of office windows, but 329,000 New Yorkers are out of work all the same – and that is 55 per cent. more than the number of jobless a year ago. The only detectable booms are among the pan-handlers of Manhattan, who are finding the competition rougher than they have known for many years, and in the state's unemployment insurance offices, which have taken on 1,291 office workers since September to handle the increased volume of business.

With the automobile industry leading the plunge, Michigan is probably the most stricken state in the Union. Governor G. Mennen Williams, a collegiate-looking Democrat who has presidential ambitions as well as a record of five straight election victories in a Republican state, has described the Michigan situation as 'a major economic disaster'. With slightly more than 15 per cent. of Detroit's labour force out of work and their ranks being swelled daily – 230,000 unemployed now as compared with 94,000 a year ago – the Governor's words seem only mildly exaggerated.

Elsewhere in the country, New England, with its chronically depressed textile industry, appears to be the most affected area, unemployment claims being twice what they were a year ago, but the North-West, suffering from a protracted slump in the lumber business, is likewise feeling the pinch. The South, spurred by new industry, is supposed to be doing somewhat better than the rest of the country, though I have before me a dispatch stating that 150 inmates of the Florida State Prison who are eligible for parole have had to be kept behind bars because no jobs can be found for them.

Keeping the country well this side of panic are several big factors. In the first place, the situation is very evidently different from the 1929 pattern. The downturn was not precipitated, as it was in that debacle, by a sudden crash in Wall Street, which wiped out fortunes overnight, dramatised the arrival of disaster, and sent the nation into a psychological tailspin. Secondly, the earlier catastrophe has left a legacy of specific r e m e d i e s – unemployment insurance, strong unions, with their own unemployment compen-

sation funds, and blueprints for public works, plus the principle, now deeply embedded in the national mind, that the economic welfare of the country is a prime responsibility of government.

Finally, the percentage of unemployed to the total labour force is even now no higher than it was for a short time in the 1949-50 slump, only about a quarter of what is was when Herbert Hoover, the Great Engineer, retired from the White House, and actually less than half what it was even in 1940, when Roosevelt had been in office for nearly eight years. This is not to say, of course, that things may not get considerably worse, but merely that we have not yet reached that danger point where recession feeds on itself, fear grows on fear, and an economic setback settles down into a prolonged depression.

How close we are to that danger point and what should be done to reverse the trend are matters on which any economic opinion imaginable may be had for the asking or even the idle listening, but – and this is the third factor offsetting any tendency to panic – there seems to be little doubt in the country that Congress intends to force action on the Administration, probably in April, if the economic statistics for March show a further deterioration and the President still remains reluctant to give a strong lead.

In spirit, if not in achievement, the Democratic majority in Congress is already being compared with the first of the Roosevelt Congresses. While nothing it has done so far is particularly imaginative or far-reaching, it has succeeded in creating a climate of emergency and, perhaps with an eye to the November elections, of contrast between its own leadership and the cautious hesitancy of the Administration. Keeping the Senate in night attendance, extraordinary at this stage of the session, Lyndon Johnson, the party's floor leader, in five days drove through a major housing bill, a resolution calling on the Administration to speed up public works projects already approved, and a bill to prevent reduction in farm subsidies. The Democrats are also planning to raise the ante on the President's highway construction proposals, and the House is considering a bill to extend unemployment benefits for an additional 16 weeks, although the White House has asked for only 13.

With most of these measures the Republicans have gone along, while trying at the same time to defend the Administration against the charge of taking too lackadaisical an attitude. Only an occasional Republican allows himself, in this election year, the luxury of taking the classical Hoover line. Representative Clare Hoffman, of Michigan, an interesting anachronism even among right-wing Republicans, proposes a moratorium on union dues to stimulate consumer buying. Senator H. Alexander Smith, of New Jersey, cites as typical a resort hotel operator in his state who complains of the recession because he is compelled to turn down only 400 reservations a week-end instead of the 500 he was turning down last year. But, by and large, few members of the Grand Old Party even care to be reminded now of President Eisenhower's analysis a few months ago – that the economy was simply taking a 'breather'. And Mr Nixon is in the vanguard of those who urge, and predict, an imminent reduction of taxes, a point on which he has come close to his first open break with the President.

While there is a general expectation, then, that something will be done to stimulate the sagging economy, it is at least partly cancelled by the uneasy feeling that the action may be too little and too late. If the present slump is different from the 1929 crash, it is also different from the post-war setbacks of 1949 and 1954, both of which were so obviously temporary in nature – the public will to buy was still strong and unsatisfied – that the question of confidence hardly arose. This time consumer buying is clearly on the decline. A public starved for goods during the war seems at last to have had its fill of cars, dishwashers, hi-fi sets, and the like, with the result that manufacturers and dealers have become wary of rebuilding depleted inventories, and even more of expanding their plants.

In the circumstances stronger government stimulants would seem to be called for than the Administration is apparently prepared to prescribe. Mild measures, a policy of watchful waiting, and verbal exhortations have created an edginess which was clearly indicated when the market slumped upon hearing the President's vague expression of confidence that March would 'mark the beginning of the end of the downturn'. As a Boston College economist wrote in a letter to the *New York Times*, 'It is far easier to keep a boom going than to banish recessions with an outpouring of optimistic views not grounded on fact'. Like many of his fellow-experts, the writer called for a quick reduction of taxes. At least as many others put their faith in public works instead, and not a few think that both approaches must be tried – in heavy doses and right now – while we can still quip about our new recession cocktail, 'Business on the Rocks'.

ROBERT BENDINER

New York.

London Diary

IF you sat for 18 or 24 hours in an easy-chair, with light meals brought to you at intervals, you might expect, when you got up, to feel rested and ready for work. Somehow this is not the case if your easy-chair has been air-borne and travelling at two or three hundred miles per hour. The change of scene, perhaps, is too rapid. Your compass needs resetting. My most bewildering experience of this sort was in 1942 when I leapt one night over the Atlantic from the depth of the British blackout into the staggering saturnalia of New York. This time my jump was first from a Himalayan valley surrounded by snow peaks to the coconut-palm heat of Kerala and then to the Arctic winds of this English March. I find that adjustment takes at least a week. This fact may account for some of the idiocies of modern diplomacy. Statesmen who used to travel by boat had time to think about the nature and the tactics of their mission; during their leisurely return they considered their achievements and report. Now that they get back almost as soon as they have started – indeed, it may be on the clock actually *before* they have started – they have at once to tell the world what Mr Dulles or Mr Nehru had said, what they think of the House of Lords, the H-bomb, and juvenile delinquency.

* * *

An Englishman, who had a chance of watching the Moscow elections, tells me that everything conceivable was done to make the ballot secret. It was proudly explained to him that there was no way (such as theoretically exists in England) of tracing any particular ballot paper to any particular voter. The method was one I once saw in operation in Czechoslovakia. The voter presents his credentials, is ticked off from a list, can, if he desires, go behind a screen and cross out the name on the paper, but in fact almost always proves his loyalty by dropping the paper untouched into the box. In practice the party sees to it that almost everyone gets to the poll, and very few people care to risk anyone guessing that they may have voted against the government. In several hours' observation of the Soviet ballot my informant only saw one old lady rash enough to take the ballot paper behind the screen. Apparently the organisers, who are very proud of these secrecy precautions, even remarked that voters had a chance of going behind the screen to 'meditate' before they voted! The only thing that did not occur to them was that there was nothing to meditate about since there was only one name to choose from.

* * *

I simply do not understand how the 'interests of justice' are supposed to be served by the process of withholding costs from a successful litigant or from a defendant properly acquitted on the merits of a criminal charge. In the recent West End gaming case at London Sessions, counsel argued all day, while the jury sat in their room, about the question whether there had been any breach of the law at all. The judge then ruled that there hadn't and told the jury to acquit the defendants. But when these people asked for their costs, which must have run into a pretty large sum, he refused. It was 'a case that needed investigating'. The general attitude seemed to be that 'if people will do these things they must be prepared for trouble'. This is stark injustice: either the gaming party was unlawful or it wasn't, and if it wasn't, no innocent person should be made to pay for the inquiry. In this case the defendants don't seem to be hard up, but what about the numerous cases in which a County Court judge will award the verdict to a legally-aided defendant and then refuse to order that his costs be paid by the losing side? I know of a recent case in which a poor man with a perfectly good claim for damages, and a legal aid certificate, finished £20 out of pocket by this process although he won the case. It is obvious that some judges reserve the power to award or refuse costs as a last-ditch means of punishing a winning litigant because they disapprove of him or because they disapprove of legal aid. Parliament ought to enact that costs in all criminal or civil cases which are decided on their merits, as distinct from finishing on a technicality, must 'follow the verdict' without exception.

* * *

The bus was full when at about twenty past ten the other evening it pulled up, and a number of extra passengers came on board. The conductress upstairs gave the starting signal, which was ignored by the driver. It was repeated, still without effect, so the conductress came down, decided that too many passengers were standing, promptly reduced the number to five, and again gave the signal to start. This time, the driver replied with three toots on his horn, and she went to see what he wanted, returning to announce that he refused to start with passengers standing, as it was not yet ten-thirty. The unfortunates having been turned off, he went on his way to an accompaniment of uncomplimentary remarks from some of the remaining passengers. 'I had always thought,' said one, 'that the conductress was supposed to be in charge of the bus!' 'That may be so,' came the quick reply, 'but, you see, this driver is my husband!'

* * *

It was a jolly little black dog, and we played together; I put my hand in his mouth and he pretended to gnaw it, and I rolled him over and tickled him. Later in the day I saw my pet being led away ignominiously on a string, and learned that he was to be shut up as a suspect because

he had been in contact with a rabid dog. I looked at my hand and saw I had a tiny cut on it; anyway, I knew that a mad dog's saliva may infect you even if you have no cut that you can see. What a to-do! If you do nothing until you are infected you die one of the most terrible deaths known to man. The only remedy is a series of deep abdominal injections every day for a fortnight. This would have meant dropping my programme, cutting out Katmandhu, Kashmir and all the other places I longed to visit. But the risk of hydrophobia is not one that can be taken. In the end, medical advice was clear. If the dog was still healthy ten days after the supposed infection, there was no need to worry. If not, the injections must be immediate. So I went on my travels pursued by daily telegrams which read 'Dog perfectly normal'. In ten days the cloud was lifted. The fear of rabies in the East is the reason people do not play as intimately with their cats and dogs as in this country. Britain, I believe, is alone in being totally free from this particular anxiety. I shall never again listen to dog-lovers who complain about the six months' quarantine imposed on animals entering this country.

* * *

India brings home to one that the future of the human race depends not only on the constructive use of atomic energy but also on birth control. So far the scientists have failed to discover a pill which does the job; the present expensive and complicated gadgets are not useful in the primitive conditions of Asian villages. I am told that an Indian woman said to a doctor: 'I believe it is possible to limit my family. What is the cheapest and safest method?' He replied: 'Drink a glass of water'. She said: 'That sounds simple. Do you mean before or after?' He replied: 'No. I mean *instead*'.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mrs Sheila Winkley says that she cannot or will not bring up her baby when it is born.

Surely this is not what the Queen Mother had in mind when she mentioned that overseas countries are living the British way of life?—Letter in *Daily Express*. (J. Walker.)

We want Sunday to be the loveliest day of the week with people going to church morning and evening, resting and having the loveliest cakes for tea, because we are, after all, still in the body. The Continental Sunday has made people over there all of a bubble, changing governments and having wars all the time.—Secretary of the Lord's Day Observance Society reported in *Sunday Times*. (D. C. Conolly-Smith.)

It is horrifying that a few people in this country—including Anglican clergy—advocate surrendering to Communist forces in the event of an invasion rather than risk being killed by a hydrogen bomb.

Such people fail to realise that Communism is far more dangerous than the hydrogen bomb. The bomb only destroys life, but Communism destroys the soul.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (G. W. Target.)

I see that when Lord Hailsham was in Nashville, Tennessee, the other day, he was asked by a local Democrat, 'Just how Conservative is the British Conservative Party?' Lord Hailsham answered, 'To the left of both the Democrats and the Republicans'.

This is surely just what a lot of us suspected and what keeps genuine Conservatives away from the polls because there is now no party they can vote for.—Letter in *Time & Tide*. (Jonathan Francis.)

Papal Equinox

(The Pope says we are entering the Spring-time of history.)

Muse of Hailsham and of Rab,
Hackneyed, halting, trite and drab,
Help us gambol while we can,
Frisking with the Vatican;
For *Il Papa* feels the sap
Like some Housman-Shropshire chap.

Dulles, Krushchev, crossing daggers
By the Turnstile, in the Staggers,
Learn a madrigal and hum it,
Tripping featly to the Summit—
Dance and frolic, skip and scamper
With your sputni-picnic hamper!

Let the H-Bombs now embark
With a song (like Shelley's lark)
And the denizens of Downing
Street regale themselves with Browning,
Chanting, as they fill their glasses,
Little songs from *Pippa Passes*.

Strangled Freedom's stifled voice
Now in Lisbon shall rejoice
And the tortured Arabs sing
In the bright Algerian Spring . . . .
Sorry, Pope; but I must own
You have burgeoned all alone.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Frontiers of Tibet

A EUROPEAN traveller today is as unlikely to make his way into Tibet as he would have been in the days before Colonel Younghusband forced the gates of Lhasa in 1904. But, if he is lucky and persevering, he may at various points along the 2,000 miles of Tibet's southern frontiers make more than a nodding acquaintance with Tibet's religion, architecture and way of life. He may also learn much of the economic and political ferment that bubbles beneath the surface in areas as remote as Ladak, Nepal, Sikkim, Bhutan and the North-east Frontier Province. Some five or six million people in these areas are Tibetans or of Indo-Tibetan origin; whether they call themselves Tantric Buddhists or Hindus, they are all profoundly influenced by Tibet and they all reverence the Dalai Lama. There are Tantric Lamaseries in the Himalayan valleys, and at intervals along this terrific frontier, the visitor will find avenues of flags which a million times over spread to the winds of heaven the magic words *Om Mane Padme* (*Om* is a 'fundamental sound', untranslatable but mystically significant, and *Mane Padme* refers to the Buddha as the 'jewel of the lotus'). When the Dalai Lama came over the high Sikkim road in 1957, great crowds collected by mule or on foot to wait, if necessary for weeks, the arrival of the God-king. Many on the Indian side of the frontier still talk of this historic event; an endless procession of pilgrims, traders and refugees exchange Tibetan gossip; and every day hardy men, with faces reddened by sun and frost and wind, drive their caravans of mules, laden with wool, along the traditional trade routes over the 20,000 feet passes from Tibet.

Life in these high folds of the Himalayas has not changed much in the last 500 years. But two great changes, which must deeply affect everyone living there, have taken place in the last decade. In 1950 Communist Peking sent troops into Tibet, translating into fact a sovereign rule which had hitherto been nominal. On the other side of the frontier, the India that had to cope with this startling change had become an independent democracy, inheriting from Britain a network of treaties with Tibet and the frontier states. Nepal is an independent country which you cannot enter without a visa; states like Sikkim and Bhutan have autonomous governments over which Britain, in the 19th century, established herself as a protecting power at the cost of small wars and much intrigue. This meant in effect that Britain frustrated the equally persistent Chinese intrigues by controlling the Maharajahs, to whom they distributed knighthoods and with whom they went tiger-shooting.

Today India has to be more careful than the British. For this there are two reasons: first because China's revolutionary appeal may stir national and popular feelings that were unaffected by any approach from Imperial or Kuomintang China, and, secondly, because the peoples of these newly awakened states are more sensitive about India's influence than they were about British. This is no paradox. The British were a distant race of 'superior beings' governing by remote control, while the Indians are people akin to the Sikkimese or Bhutanese, themselves carrying out a revolution on their doorstep. Four hundred million Indians might, the hillmen fear, engulf them within the Indian nation. Therefore India must walk warily, helping economically as far as she is permitted, trying not to display a technical and national superiority which may cause offence and alarm though it was taken for granted in the case of the British.

All these states are jealous of their autonomy. The Bhutanese—is Bhutan the only state left in the world which has no roads or airstrip?—try to cut themselves off totally from both of their giant neighbours. At most they may accept a little most tactfully offered technical assistance from India. The Nepalese resent any hint of encroachment from China or India, and it may be considered a great step forward that the King of Nepal has now agreed to a joint road project in which America, India and Nepal are collaborating. It will be seen that the frontier problem is not, as it was in the 19th century, military, but economic and cultural. It still remains to be seen how far these undeveloped peoples, whose culture is mainly Tibetan, can maintain their independence as buffer states between the giant nations which compete for their friendship.

When the Chinese entered Tibet in 1950, they had every reason for confidence. Peking was able to cite many official admissions of Chinese suzerainty over Tibet. The United Nations appeal against China, raised somewhat comically by El Salvador, received no effective support. China agreed to a new constitution for Tibet, guaranteeing the Dalai Lama's full authority; and in 1954 a Sino-Indian pact was signed, in which both sides agreed to open trade agencies and to confine trade and pilgrim traffic to six specified routes along the 2,000-mile border. Newspapers which criticised Nehru's acceptance of Chinese suzerainty in Tibet would scarcely have objected if Chiang Kai-shek and not Mao Tse-tung had held power in Peking. Nehru in fact made what was later called a Panch Sila agreement, pledging non-intervention, non-interference and peaceful co-existence. Neither he nor anyone else could have done any-

thing to stem the Chinese advance. A large part of Tibet's eastern territory had already been incorporated in Sikang by the Kuomintang, and even on the road to Lhasa there was in fact little more than token resistance.

If neither the law nor the army created difficulties for the Chinese, ideological and economic advance seemed at first equally simple. Was any state ever less in a position to resist the Communist doctrines of equality and economic liberation? At least a third of the male population of Tibet are monks who turn prayer-wheels and paint the *tankas* that still delight the discerning collector in Western antique shops. The majority of Tibetans work with little reward for this unproductive minority. Most of the land belongs either to the lamaseries – which are often the size of large villages or small towns – and to a few noble families, who are always careful to be well represented in the government and to have among their members abbots of the most important lamaseries.

A large part of the wealth of the country is accumulated in these monasteries in the form of jewels and stores of precious metal. Even those who find much to admire in the philosophic ideas behind Tantric Buddhism admit that the administration of Tibet has been both cruel and arbitrary; until recent years officials have been able, apparently at will, to flog or even cut off the limbs of recalcitrant peons. The regime has been marked by rigid censorship, unquestioning obedience and a complete absence of free institutions. Here clearly, one would have said, on Marxian or indeed on common-sense principles, was the perfect target for democratic and Socialist propaganda.

So at first it seemed. The Kuomintang had been inactive in eastern Tibet. The Communists began cautiously building roads and preparing a psychological path for economic revolution. Instruction was begun with the object of persuading the tradition-bound Tibetans how to improve their crops with better seeds and more up-to-date methods of cultivation. Meetings were called and attempts made to persuade Tibetan representatives to discuss Socialist ideas in the presence of Chinese propagandists and watchful soldiers. Eastern Tibet, after all, does not resemble the dizzy land round Lhasa or the largely empty, unexplored and windswept wastes which stretch with but few inhabitants far away towards Russia and Afghanistan. It contains many fertile valleys and offers splendid opportunities. I am told, for instance, that the Chinese have considered harnessing the Brahmaputra which tumbles in a gigantic fall through eastern Tibet; they estimate that it could generate far more hydro-electric power than any other river in the world. Up to 1955, this process of indoctrination and planning for development seemed to be proceeding quietly, if slowly, in eastern Tibet.

What went wrong in 1955 and changed the whole picture in the spring of 1956? Many causes I was told; but they amount really to one cause, since religion and nationalism are one and all-inclusive in Tibet – where a man's *kharma* is all-important and the notion of economic improvement in this world has scarcely impinged on consciousness. Young Tibetans, taken on tour to China, were less impressed by Peking's wonderful material achievements than by its lamentable lack of religion. Rich Tibetans, also induced to visit Peking, returned to find their property looted in their absence. Large numbers of Chinese, who came in as workers, turned out, the Tibetans complained, to be soldiers; Chinese colonists settled in such numbers that Tibetans feared that they would lose their identity in Communist China. When the Dalai Lama went to China and was kept there for eight months, rumour had it that his holy person was to be made a hostage. There was a disastrous increase in prices and a severe economic crisis. Worst of all, weapons were collected even from monastery walls and a census taken of stock and land. These steps were taken to be preparation for land reform, perhaps for collectivist agriculture which threatened both national custom and religious obligation.

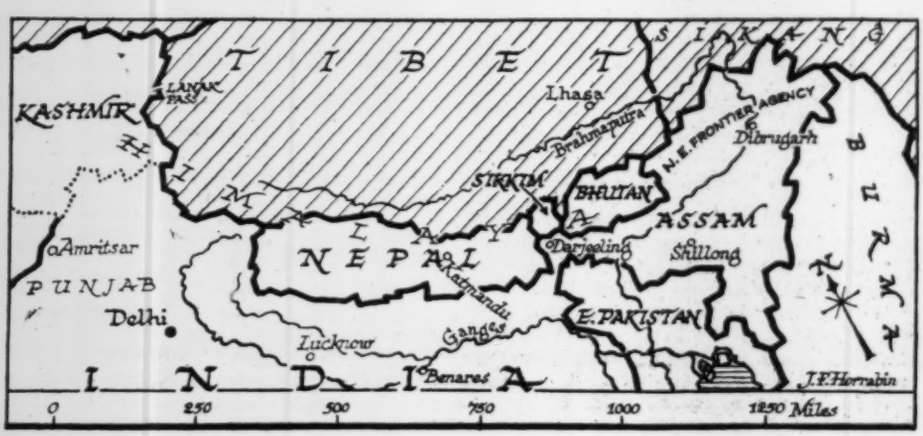
That a rising took place on a considerable scale in eastern Tibet is not open to doubt. The details are obscure and reports that appeared in the Indian, Pakistan, British and American press are evasive about dates. Many Chinese were killed in a struggle with the nomadic tribes near Golok, and the Chinese have themselves admitted that larger battles took place in eastern Tibet. Horrified Tibetans mutter about abbots being kept in chains; and the Chinese admit having destroyed some – I'm told three or four – large monasteries by bombs. (I was also informed from another source that, characteristically, the Chinese are now rebuilding with great improvement the monasteries they destroyed.) At one time it became a matter of 'merit' for a Tibetan to kill a Chinese. I have also been given personal accounts of a popular resistance party called the Mimang, whose activities were described in detail in interviews with western papers; its size and strength are no doubt exaggerated but its existence is probable. The single most striking proof of resistance is the admitted fact that the road built by the Chinese to connect east and west Tibet has been effectively cut by Tibetan guerillas.

In July 1956, reports seeped into the world press about trouble in Lhasa itself. According to a story told me, much anger was caused by the arrest of recalcitrant Tibetans, and in order to quell disturbances a large number of Chinese troops are said to have surrounded the principal monasteries and even turned their guns on the sacred Potala – the palace of the Dalai Lama. The Tibetan ministers were bidden under this threat to enter into discussion about the socialisation of Tibetan economy. They refused and said that fighting would begin unless the Chinese troops withdrew. This naive courage must have brought an ironic smile to Chou En-lai's countenance. He could have destroyed Lhasa without loss to his troops. He did not do so.

It was no doubt because Chou En-lai realised that there could be no peaceful occupation of Tibet without the acquiesence of the Dalai Lama that the latter was allowed to come to India in time for the Buddhist Jayanti in the spring of 1957. Until then the Chinese had not permitted him to cross the Himalayas. Whereas the Panchen Lama who had accompanied him to China had been persuaded to accept Chinese rule, the Dalai Lama, politically as well as spiritually the head of Tibet, remained politely obdurate. The decision to allow him to go to Delhi was characteristic of Chou En-lai's elasticity. The Dalai and the Panchen Lama both went to India. But so did Chou En-lai. The two young men were immensely impressed with India. They have modern as well as Tantric ideas. They are passionately fond of cameras and motor cars. (The Dalai Lama has recently purchased 15 Mercedes trucks from India and the Panchen ten.) They were also extremely popular in India and enjoyed themselves – as other recent visitors have done, from Krushchev and Bulganin to Macmillan. Rumours went about that, like an earlier Dalai Lama who sought refuge in India, the present one might prefer exile to a continued struggle with the Communists. However that might be, it is certain that Chou En-lai had long conversations with the Indian Premier and it was everywhere believed that Nehru added his persuasive voice – and surely rightly – to that of Chou En-lai. In any case the young Dalai Lama decided that he would best serve his country by returning to Lhasa.

Chou En-lai was ready to reiterate his promise of religious and administrative autonomy for the Dalai Lama. In April, 1957, he went further and issued a statement that the Chinese would withdraw, and that, since Tibet was clearly not ready for Socialism, he would postpone the application of Communist principles to Tibet for six years. This was a remarkable decision announced in extraordinary terms. I have read (in translation) many hundred words from Chinese papers and speeches in which 'No reform for Tibet' – and its consequences in restoring independence to the present rulers of Tibet – is put forward as a programme with all the pomp and emphasis of a victory slogan. One incidental result of this is the withdrawal of the large sums of money which China has been spending in Tibet – a result that has had serious economic consequences for Tibet. But the central fact remains that Chou En-lai has discovered the resisting power of religious faith and national feeling and that he decided to respect them. This, of course, does not mean that he has been deterred from his Communist purpose. Why should he hurry? China has plenty to do without starting guerilla warfare in the Himalayas.

This narrative, incomplete and lacking properly authenticated detail, is yet full of instruction. It bears witness to the wisdom of India's policy. Nehru can do no good by quarrelling with China. Like the rest of us, he can only hope to persuade Communists that their purpose of social change is best carried out without force and with respect



X-ray picture

(which came out better than expected)

Twelve years ago the National Health Service Act was passed. And there was a crisis in the photographic industry. The two were not connected, but the second might well have been disastrous to the first.

Since the NHS began, radiography in this country has nearly doubled. In 1948-9 (the first year for which accurate nation-wide figures are available), 7,870,984 people were X-rayed in British hospitals. By 1956, the figure had increased to over 13,000,000. What these figures mean—in lives saved and suffering relieved—every doctor knows.

Yet in 1946, Britain faced a crippling shortage of X-ray film.

Up to that date, all the film base used over here had been imported—mostly from the dollar area. The base (cellulose triacetate to the chemist) is the most expensive ingredient, amounting to 20 per cent. of the cost of each X-ray film. And what with our dollar shortage and America's own needs increasing, the prognosis for our hospitals was gloomy.

We stopped this dollar leak. Ilford Limited, in conjunction with BX Plastics Limited and encouraged by the Ministry of Health, set up a plant at Brantham, Essex, to make film base. We had little 'know-how', but we set out to acquire it—quickly.

We had no subsidy, either. The capital cost of the plant was over £2,500,000—but in sterling. The saving in 'hard' currency, on X-ray film alone, has been something of the order of two million dollars a year.

Today, we are the only British firm making X-ray film. Ilford X-ray material is being used all over the world. There is plenty for our own hospitals, and for industry. It doesn't cost the country a dollar—contrariwise, it has begun to earn quite a few.

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for national traditions. He has not hesitated to turn a mule track to the Sikkimese frontier into a motor road which Indians as well as Chinese and Tibetans can use. If the Chinese can pass into India, Indians can go to Tibet. He may hope to preserve the principles of co-existence with China by diplomacy and good will; he can certainly do no good by encouraging futile risings leading to bloody reprisals. Nor indeed can the leader of democratic India, any more than the Communist rulers of China, wish to preserve the fantastic conservatism, the feudal land system and the absurdly out-dated administrative system of Tibet. The only hope for an independent Tibet lies in internal revolution. If Chou En-lai's word is to be believed, Tibet has six years to change itself without Chinese compulsion. How much of the Buddhist faith can survive in an ideological struggle with Communism no one can say. 'Wanted', some Tibetan remarked, 'a Tibetan Gandhi' to lead a non-violent, spiritual revolt of the people. But if India and China continue their peaceful co-existence, each forbearing to intervene on their side of the Himalayas, there seems at least a chance that Tibet, as well as its sister countries on its southern frontiers, may become a Socialist country, differing from all other Socialist countries of course, because its history and manners are unique, and maintaining its autonomy.

It was Mr Crossman who once drew an analogy between the methods of diplomacy and the national games of the great powers. Dulles plays the American game of poker, building as strong a hand as possible and becoming temporarily bankrupt if his bluff is called. The British, on the other hand, play cricket, which lasts many days and ends in a draw – the characteristic object of modern British diplomacy. The Russians are proficient at chess in which every move is calculated, including temporary retreats to prepared positions. To this I would add that I once learned from a Chinese friend a form of chess played on the points of intersection on a board with 361 squares. You had to gain territory, and there were rules about how it was consolidated or lost. My friend would look with a pitying eye at a large area which I had methodically occupied and say: 'That big fish is dead. I will poison its eye'. And then with a fine gesture he would sweep my counters off the board. I suspect that Chou En-lai is a past master at this form of chess.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Campaign Report

COPIES of this journal find their way to almost all parts of the world, and it is chiefly for the benefit of distant readers that I want to explain what has been happening to our Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament. For the last few weeks I have been, so to speak, 'up in the front line' and so have plently of hard news.

First, let me say that we are doing very well, thank you. More and more meetings are being organised, more and more requests for speakers are arriving, and there is brisk movement all along the front. And this could soon be a very wide front. Letters come from many different countries, with a high proportion from Canada and the US. And I have had many urgent demands for the script of my anti-nuclear TV play, *Doomsday For Dyson*. Both sides of the Curtain seem to be interested in this piece, though it was in fact written specifically for a British audience.

But what chiefly interests me at the moment is not the unqualified success of our meetings but the attitude towards us of the people who disagree with our policy. This attitude is very significant. It explains a great deal that badly needed some explanation. It tells us nearly as much about our campaign as our own accounts of it. Light has been thrown in some rather dark places.

The first move, not very clever, was to ignore us, to pretend we weren't there. When we had a press conference – in itself perhaps a mistake – most of the national newspapers didn't bother to send anybody, or, if they did, then they took care not to print anything about us. Then when we held those astonishing meetings in Westminster on 17 February – when we filled four halls and could probably have filled four more if they had been available – the same technique of either boycotting us or playing us down was largely employed. This didn't work. The campaign was news and obviously couldn't be ignored. And since then we can't complain of any lack of attention. Acres of newsprint have been devoted to us. The Establishment roared with one voice.

Here I must be allowed to be personal for a brief space, if only because a man can only tell directly his own story. When I wrote a longish piece for this journal, in the early part of last November, on Britain and Nuclear Weapons, I didn't spend a week or two groaning and sobbing. I asked first to be supplied with every possible argument in favour of nuclear weapons, and then examined those arguments and tried to take every one of them into account while writing my piece. I may be – and no doubt am – a faulty logician, my heart may work harder than my head, but God knows I tried to use such powers of reasoning as He has given me.

Nor did my colleagues in the campaign strike me as wildly emotional unstable fellows. Bertrand Russell would hardly seem to the unbiased observer to be inferior in reasoning power to members of parliament and leader writers. And, sharing the same platform at various meetings, I have listened to Alan Taylor and Stephen King-Hall coolly and methodically taking the case for nuclear weapons to pieces. They did it impersonally too, without resorting to personal abuse, smearing and calling names.

But from the first our opponents have taken a line that suggests they are deeply uneasy. Instead of replying, courteously but firmly, to our arguments, they began at once hurling wild accusations, making a personal issue of it from the word Go. We were, it seemed, all 'emotional' and 'hysterical'. They told us so, screaming at the top of their voices. Never have tempers been lost so quickly. We had to be denounced, often by name, not reasoned with. The references to Bertrand Russell, whose age and eminence entitle him to respect, have been particularly unpleasant. Such instant departures from the decencies of public debate are unusual and, I believe, are very significant.

A later and even more unpleasant move has been to smear us by making use of false analogies and of vague references to what happened in the Thirties. We are the same men, it seems, who nearly let Hitler in, the same old bunch of cowardly defeatists. And if there is much more of this, I for one propose to exhibit and then compare a few anti-Hitler records, just to see who was doing what in the later Thirties. As much out of laziness as good nature I for one am always willing to let bygones be bygones and to avoid recriminations, but if some of these Tory types want to play this game on a who-was-against-Hitler basis, I'll be happy to oblige them with a few sets played under floodlighting.

The significance of all this seems to me quite plain. It is a beautiful example of what the psychologists call 'projection'. These men of both parties who are in such a hurry to abuse us really project on to us the feelings they will not recognise in themselves. It is they who are emotional and hysterical. They know very well, in their heart of hearts, that they should not be depending on these weapons, that the arguments they use in favour of them are muddled and silly, that they have failed the people who trusted them, that Britain as a military nuclear power impresses nobody and cuts a contemptible figure, that they have got themselves and us into a horrible mess and lack the moral courage to stand up and say so. So instead of trying to prove that a nuclear arms race can be turned into a stalemate and that in this stalemate honest disarmament talk can begin and a peaceful settlement finally reached, which is the only case they have that is worth arguing (though I think it wrong), they ignore their deep uneasiness by screaming 'Emotional!' and 'Hysterical!', by calling us names, by smearing us with any muck that is handy.

Meanwhile, something else is happening, something that only increases this uneasiness. Some of the English, quite a large number of them in fact, as our meetings are proving, are waking up. These people have the impertinence, condemned so far by both parties in happy unison, to insist upon having a voice in affairs. They would like to be heard before they die. They are rather tired of being disposed of as if they were inferior breeds of cattle. They do not see why they and their families should be merely so many dumb pawns in a game of power politics. Some of them believe that Democracy could be something better than a tired word. Moreover, as our mailbags amply testify, there are people elsewhere, across several different seas, who are beginning to be restive too and to ask awkward questions.

If politics were my trade – and let nobody imagine I should like them to be, for I detest speech-making, committees, conferences – then instead of throwing names about and being silly and abusive, I would give some serious attention and thought to this campaign. Here is something that suddenly reverses all the judgments of party managers and agents, that contradicts all that melancholy stuff about people-only-wanting-to-watch-their-TV-screens-nowadays, that even

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proves something too can be done with TV screens. Whether it is heading for victory or defeat, the campaign is important. If it succeeds, a lot of important people are going to have to eat their words. If it fails, then a host of the more sensitive and articulate persons in this country are going to feel deeply frustrated while the rest turn and go to sleep again – perhaps for ever.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

H. N. Brailsford

IT has always been a matter of deep regret to me that I could not persuade Noel Brailsford to write his autobiography. His experience as a journalist-crusader were as vivid and varied and unexpected as H. W. Nevinson's, and he had a far deeper understanding of events. You could sometimes with difficulty persuade him to recall details about his friendship with Lenin and the early Bolsheviks, for whom he raised funds (surprisingly repaid by Krassin in 1919) to enable the future Bolshevik leaders to return after their London conference in 1902; about how Lloyd George double-crossed him when he was the militant secretary of a conciliation committee of the women's suffrage movement; about his adventures as an official investigator of atrocities in the Balkans; about King Boris; about Pilsudski's sudden change of manner when he admitted that he had been a soldier as well as a journalist. Then there was the bitter fight in Ireland and, above all, the long struggle for Indian independence. In India his friendship and his books are still widely remembered; there was an outbreak of applause in Delhi when I mentioned his name in a public lecture a few weeks ago.

In his writing he seldom allowed himself reminiscences, and even then only if they had bearing on current events. One of the most moving of these was his story of how, on a victorious battlefield in Thessaly, he saw that the dead Turk at his feet had really been his friend. An anthology of great English prose extracts could be made from H.N.B.'s writing. Some of them would come from such minor classics as *Shelley, Godwin and their Circle* or *Voltaire*. Many would have to be dug out from anonymous articles in the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the American *Nation*, the *New Leader* and this journal.

Two reasons occur to me why Noel would never write his autobiography. He was both proud and shy; diffident about everything except his writing. He had been induced early in life to assume that he must be unpopular, a lonely figure in a small minority. His Wesleyan father specially designed for him a knickerbocker suit of brown cloth when he went to Glasgow University, so that he would never be tempted to seem like other men. He never got over his pathetic assumption that he must be aloof and unpopular. Perhaps this was one reason for his special affection for cats, over whom he had an inexplicable influence. When he was working for the *Guardian* he had a cat which waited in a crowded Manchester street every day so that it could accompany him during the last part of his journey home. Once at my request I asked Noel to summon a stray cat that was walking in the opposite direction 50 yards away. He said nothing, but the cat turned round, walked back to him and rubbed against his legs. His friendships with human beings were deep and lasting, but his own shyness made the number comparatively small and it limited his fame. Outside public affairs his chief passion was music; in this field he was deeply learned, and his friends never thought of a better way of pleasing him than when they presented him with an up-to-date gramophone in place of his ancient E.M.G. with its enormous horn.

The second reason for his refusal to write about his own past was that it seemed to him unworthy to look back rather than to fight for a current cause or create something new. He hated pain and injustice more, I think, than anyone I have ever met, and he brought to the causes he championed a disinterested passion and a love of precise truth which led him to part company with any merely partisan group, even if it meant quixotically depriving himself of the bare means of livelihood. Almost all his life he was a poor man living on an exiguous and often precarious salary.

The cause of international peace he saw as part of the fight for Socialism. His *War of Steel and Gold*, published on the eve of the First World War, was one of the seminal books of this century. His attack on imperialism made him the leader of that school of moral Marxists that is peculiarly English. Again in *A League of Nations*, published during the war itself, he differed from Lenin in that, accepting most of the Marxian analysis, he believed that it was possible for the proletariat to win the battle for international Socialism without violent world revolution.

He was one of the first journalists to learn Russian so that he could study the revolution on the spot. His description of a village soviet at work remains the best study of the early period of Soviet idealism. His welcome of the Russian Revolution did not prevent him writing unanswerable and precisely documented exposures of Stalin's purges or prevent the Communists (who at the 20th Congress later so fully justified him) from a venomous campaign of vilification. Similarly his love of Germany, where he had been a student as a young man, made him a vehement critic of the Versailles settlement, but did not prevent him from being an uncompromising fighter in the struggle against Hitler, a champion of the Republican cause in Spain and of collective security. Some of his articles against Fascism in the Thirties could well be reprinted. I recall especially an article about Mussolini, 'the knight clad in shining blackmail'.

Brailsford combined to a greater extent than I have anywhere else met a passion for freedom, a brilliant style, a wide scholarship and an immense range of interest and knowledge. Gilbert Murray, who taught him Greek at Glasgow, once described him as his most brilliant pupil, and he never lost his scholar's interest in the classics, anthropology and history. He read surprisingly slowly, but he seemed to forget nothing. He seldom needed reference books because his memory was accurate and unfailing.

His greatest opportunity was when, after being Massingham's chief leader-writer on the *Nation*, he became editor of the *New Leader* in the Twenties. He believed that literature and the arts had something to do with Socialism. Though the world did not know it, he made the *New Leader* pay by the expedient of cutting his own salary to that of a clerk and then writing almost the whole paper himself. Even so, the narrow-minded ILP committee threw him out as too highbrow. His reign on the *New Leader* exercised in a few years an influence which has never been understood by official Labour. Hundreds of the best Socialist workers in this country were converted to Socialism by Brailsford, just because he made it a great moral and social issue and not a short-term business of catching votes. A few years after he had been deprived of the *New Leader* he

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became a leader writer on the *NS & N* and wrote for us nearly every week until the end of the war.

Brailsford had a magnificent constitution and might have lived much longer had he not unnecessarily strained his heart. He devoted the last ten years of his life to an interpretation of the 17th century. For years now the question has been whether he could live long enough to complete his book on the Levellers – alas, it still lacks five chapters. He wrote in bed surrounded by 17th-century pamphlets and source books. When I saw him a few days ago he was better after a relapse, but wondering whether he could finish his book. Though he would never have admitted it, I thought that I saw in his eye the knowledge that his strength had left him. I came away wishing that there was some way of letting the world know how great a man it had forgotten; how whimsical and full of fun and unexpected knowledge he was; how brave and great-hearted his life had been, and how much love and disinterested work he had expended in return for so little recognition.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Arts and Entertainment

The Cool Young Men

LIKE the good man in the song, Angry Young Architects are hard to find. The difficulties in finding them lie chiefly in the seeker's terms of reference, and he may well discover that, though young architects have a good deal to be angry about, they are inclined to be cool about those 'major social and cultural issues', that raise the blood pressure of the literary angries. Mostly they are politically and theologically disengaged; are no longer sure whether *The Outsider* was by Wilson or Camus, and probably think *Seventeenth Doll* was a better play than *Look Back*, but, even more probably, don't go to the theatre at all.

The reasons for this detachment from the publicised discontents of their generation are double, and both derive from the nature of their calling. In the first place young architects don't need to walk the streets cultivating their *Weltschmerz*, when *Bauschmerz* grows wild at home. If they are in revolt, there is plenty of revolting matter within their own profession, which – viewed corporately – is an Eve-type schizoid, its three faces being the liberal-profession pose, the free-artist pose, and the technocrat pose. Between them they give abundant scope for frustration, disorientation and hypocrisy, since in effect, and in law, they tend to be mutually exclusive.

One cannot be a registered architect and involve oneself effectively in the building business without being reprimanded or struck off the register; one cannot put one's name to a building as conspicuously as a painter, sculptor or novelist can put his to his work without being drummed out for advertising, and that, as we stand today, is suicide for a commercial artist. All this makes for double-talk, platitude-spinning and obstruction of the sort that would drive any young man mad, and even more so if he has just flogged his way through a five-year training which, as like as not, was of airy-fairy impracticality, and left him with an irresistible urge to start piling brick on brick, at all costs.

At one time, politically orientated students believed that work for enlightened public authorities would at least provide a creative compromise between these conflicting pulls, but this too proved an idle dream, and while technically interesting building is still being done by, for instance, the LCC, the bands of devoted young men who wore their brains to the bone anonymously designing the buildings that gave the LCC its reputation for good architecture have mostly quit and gone into private practice, as principals or junior partners.

And private practice – now that the boom which followed the abolition of building licences has been nipped off by the recent rise in the Bank rate – seems to be reverting to its normal condition of a rat-race. Not that anybody really minds a rat-race; it is, after all, one of the absolutes of the democratic way of life. But the starting conditions ought to be equal. The almost Byzantine formalities of town-planning permissions and mortgage raising on anything but the most soggily conformist designs have turned the time-honoured starting mechanism – designing a house for an in-law – into a short cut to the psychiatric ward, and the other traditional beginning, a brilliant competition win, can fan so much middle-aged professional envy that it may be harmful to do it too early in life.

For the only real way to get started is to work through a series of jobs, however dim, that will build up a body of profitable contacts, and the first run of such work is usually available only through the patronage system, in which work is handed down from the top of the profession until it reaches a level where there is someone who needs it. Speak out of turn, and the supply of gravy from above dries up; hence the impotent silence of the profession at some of its architectural scandals that ought to have been thoroughly aired in public.

So we have a profession whose main targets for rage are internal, with its younger element effectively smothered by a close-knit Old Boy Network. But even if young architects were not thus inhibited from singing the blues out loud, there is another reason why they wouldn't bother. It is a truism that ours is a literary, not a visual, culture – but it is a truism that hits architects where they live. Angries in the portable arts have a more or less guaranteed addict-public of gallery-goers, print-consumers, Third-hearers and so forth; this is a minority group, admittedly, but not incommensurate with the amount of national income that is channelled through those activities. Architects have a slightly smaller addict-public, but the amount of national income that goes into bricks and mortar is comparatively vast.

It is a temple-greying fact that the bulk of our buildings are commissioned by committees of councillors and boards of directors so ill-educated visually that they can't even read a plan properly, let alone understand the sort of problems that architects might want to interest them in, if they hadn't given up trying anyhow. Talking two-

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dimensional, let alone three-dimensional, art to the island race is like boxing a rubber-sponge statue – you don't even get hurt. As a result, the cool young men have practically given up participating in their native culture; their standards and aspirations are formed on the models of any society that appears visually alive – Sweden, Italy, Japan have fixed their attention since the end of the War, and that old vampire-harlot, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, since the beginning of the century.

It looked as if younger architects were going to resign from Anglo-Saxon culture altogether, until – about five years ago – they rediscovered America. For a long time they had admired the great European expatriates domiciled there – Gropius, Neutra, Mies van der Rohe – and then, suddenly, the paintings of Jackson Pollock hit them like a vision on the road to Damascus, followed by Detroit car-styling and goodness-knows-what. The result is an ambivalent affair, a love-hate relationship, but it's real, as one may divine from Peter Smithson's *Letter to America* in the March issue of *Architectural Design*. But, of course, it simply leaves them out on a new limb, projecting over the Atlantic this time, instead of the Channel, still out of phase with the alternating currents of literary life. In other words, they are born and bred outsiders, and don't shout the odds about it in public, because for them it is the norm' ondition of life.

REYNER BANHAM

The Do-Gooders

THE Royal Court have at last found another first-class dramatic talent in embryo to set beside their John Osborne. Miss Doris Lessing's *Each His Own Wilderness* is the most exciting new play to turn up in London since *Look Back in Anger*. It fairly crackles with vitality; its dialogue has a fine thrust and a witty cut; and it explores an extremely dramatic and human situation right in the centre of the lives we lead now. Anyone who, basing the judgment on Miss Lessing's public affiliations, expected her to produce a dramatised political pamphlet, was in for a sharp surprise. Politics do, certainly, dominate the play because the characters are mostly political people but the play is about their humanity, not their politics.

Myra Bolton, a very attractive widow nearer fifty than forty, is a relic of the political Thirties. You would have seen her in every demonstration of that period – the Hunger Marches, Arms for Spain, Indian Independence, the lot. Now in 1958 she is naturally demonstrating for the abolition of the H-Bomb and every other good cause of the moment. She is passionately and genuinely devoted to her causes, but her very emotionalism has made her private living an untidy mess. There are three lovers lying about her life, and her house is open to everyone to drop in and conduct there their affairs or their politics.

The play opens with the return of her 22-year-old son, Tony, from his national service. Characteristically, she had got the date wrong and has not cleared up her house or her life for his reception. Tony is yet another specimen of the furiously articulate young men of today. And a very brilliant specimen Miss Lessing has made of him. For the first time, too, since the specimen was exhibited to us, we get some understanding of what has caused the fury. Just look at you and your lot, storms the young man, still boring us with your endless do-gooding. And what good has any of it ever done? Just look at the mess you've landed your children in! Stop it, for Christ's sake, and set about organising a private life that can be led with a little quiet and dignity, instead of rushing to and fro ineffectually trying to reform the world.

Miss Lessing is, as I have said, dealing with individuals, not abstractions. Her case is, as all dramatic cases should be, the special case. But even so, the attack, carried out with a virtuoso brilliance, cannot have left many left-wing withers unwrung. Myra Bolton certainly has a case of her own, and she can express it, too. The causes to which she devotes herself are not themselves diminished because she happens to be something of an hysteric, and who knows what the world might have been like, if it hadn't been for the do-gooders? Anyhow what do her son's rantings amount to but the immature outbursts of an insecure child? Tony's insecurity is fairly enough documented. He was buried with his mother by the bomb that killed his father. And since then his home has seen a succession of honorary 'uncles' installed and then turned out. And his revulsion from sex is as much a part of his personality as his revulsion from do-gooding; it is proof even against the tea-and-sympathy treatment of Myra's friend, Milly.

This, then, is the conflict which rages magnificently at the heart of Miss Lessing's play, and what makes it so exciting is that the conflict is on so many levels; it is a conflict of mother-and-son and a conflict of generations; it is both psychological and political. And Miss Lessing has caught up these threads into a compact central situation which perfectly expresses it. Myra, looking at the problem of her son through her generation's eyes, conceives the reasonable enough notion that what he needs is to get away from her and her friends, out into a world of his own, on his own feet; and she sets about raising some money to make it possible for him. She decides that for this good cause it is worth selling the house and going into a flat – only to discover that the house is the very thing that the boy has made into his symbol of security in the shifting sands of his life. All she meant, poor woman, was to do him good; all she did was to destroy his world.

I think Miss Lessing's play would have been clearer if she had got on to this theme earlier, 'prepared' it a little more thoroughly and brought it more into the centre. As it is, the play suffers slightly from a plethora of events and people, which there is not time or space to develop. Concentration is the essence of the playwright's business, but too much can be as bad as too little. Yet the blur, though it is there, is only faint. The parts Miss Lessing has written for the mother and son are so powerful and compelling that they easily carry the day. And at last Sunday night's performance they were admirably acted, too.

Miss Valerie Taylor brought to the complications of Myra a wide and subtle range of feeling and understanding, and what a pleasure it is, by the way, to see this fine actress again in an emotional part that gives her such opportunities. There is no one who can make her whole face crumble into grief as Miss Taylor can; fine, too, her assertions of her own beliefs, the refusal to be put in the wrong about them, whatever else was wrong. And many moments deeply touching as, for example, her one moment of despair: Well let the Bomb fall then, let it fall now. We aren't worth all that struggle of preserving anyhow. (And how right of Miss Lessing to give her that speech, to articulate for us that moment we all sometimes have.) Mr Colin Jeavons tackled the task of finding a variation for the furious modern young man with unfailing resource, assurance and attack. What a splendid addition to the theatrical mixture this type is! He is bringing back a whole range of rhetoric that the drama seemed temporarily to have lost. A third performance of great skill (and importance for the play) came from Miss Patricia Burke in a less showy part. Mr John Dexter's direction was quite admirable. Now that they have seen it, I am sure that the directors of the theatre will realise that this play ought to have gone straight into the repertory, and will put it there at once. It would be shameful to them if it were allowed only one Sunday night performance.

Finally, two important transfers. Those who have missed *The Iceman Cometh* at the Arts have the opportunity of seeing it from Saturday at the Winter Garden. It is an opportunity on no account to be missed. Then *The Kidders*, Donald Ogden Stewart's witty and astringent account of life in the American subtopia, has found a home at the St Martin's. Very well worth a visit.

T. C. WORSLEY

Unworldly Values

TILL the end of May, the Diploma Gallery at the Royal Academy is given over to the collection made, through a long life, by the late Paul Oppé. If one has any taste for drawings and watercolours it is easy and delightful to drift through the gallery, exclaiming at the Poussin study of trees, the sheet of Veronese studies, the Constables, the J. R. Cozens, the Rowlandsons, the Turners, the Girtins, the impressive phalanxes of Alexander Cozens and Francis Townes. But Paul Oppé was the last person to

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**National Food Survey Committee Report*, 1955 (Page 132) *published by H.M.S.O.*
In 1955, bread and flour provided, in the average diet, 26·5% of the energy; 27·8% of the protein; 25·5% of the nicotinic acid; 23·4% of the iron; 28·7% of the Vitamin B_1.

Note: All flour contains—per 100 grams of flour: Nicotinic Acid—*not less than 1·60 milligrams.* Iron—*not less than 1·65 milligrams.* Vitamin B_1—*not less than 0·24 milligrams.*

ISSUED BY THE FLOUR ADVISORY BUREAU, 21 ARLINGTON STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

let himself drift on a tide of easy appreciation: and it might add a stiffening to one's pleasure to consider two questions as one goes round the collection. The first: isn't Oppé in some part responsible for creating the taste with which we enjoy this splendid display? The blot-drawings of Alexander Cozens, the austere mountain landscapes of Francis Towne—it was Oppé's writings that taught us to see their force and beauty, and trained us to look for formal values in a landscape drawing, and for intensity of vision, rather than for the picturesqueness that used to be considered the mainstay of the genre.

The other question is, what motives underlay the making of this collection? It is very easy to say what they weren't. Oppé didn't acquire in order to impress—he was a diffident man even in places where his prestige was high, in auction-rooms and galleries. Still less did he use the skilled eye, which could so quickly pick out the one good drawing from an unpromising batch, to make himself any kind of fortune. He could never, on his civil servant's salary, afford to spend much on his drawings; in money, they have fantastically appreciated. (He paid twenty-five shillings in 1910 for 17 Townes, including the two *Sources of the Arveyron.*) But though Oppé quite often exchanged a drawing, only once or twice did he ever sell one; phrases meant to be complimentary, implying that the collection 'must be worth a lot of money' or that such an item 'was a real bargain' only made him angry. What did drive him on was a sense of exploration in unfamiliar fields – there is at Burlington House, for instance, a delightful group of drawings by amateurs—and a wish to understand the maturing of an artist's talent. So the good eye and the sympathetic interest were checked by a rigorous scholarship which sternly scrutinised assertions and rejected myths. (It was the great collector of Alexander Cozens who exploded the attractive legend that the artist was the son of Peter the Great.) And though English drawings became his special field, he was never tempted to over-inflate the importance of English art.

What, ultimately, Oppé was looking for was a particular kind of beauty. He walked a lot, in England and Italy and the Alps, and the descriptions he jotted in his diary read like an artist's notes. His taste was for the structural rather than the superficially attractive: he had, as he said of Francis Towne, a 'severity of vision'. So he was drawn to artists who were sensitive to the same kind of beauty as himself; and especially to those who – like J. R. Cozens in Rome, or Towne in the Alps—had found a revelation in places that had given so much, visually, to himself. In the end, Paul Oppé acquired a drawing for the simplest and best of reasons: because he liked it. But the eye that liked was backed by a mind of exceptional force and integrity.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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17 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON, W.1
JOHN CALDER

Pimlico Kid

YET more war films long dreaded or anxiously awaited – Balcon's *Dunkirk,* Asquith's *Orders to Kill,* and others to come: with this fixation (it's no less) I hope to deal next week. Meanwhile in more peaceful byways there are some unhackneyed glimpses. For instance, I would recommend *Innocent Sinners* (Leicester Square) – despite the title – for its London scene and its street children. Pimlico is a neighbourhood for which I, like the film-makers, feel an affection; its markets, its wide intersections and little rows, cats, squares, honks and fogs from the river have a melancholy charm. Often on winter mornings, I would come across the van with cables, groups standing about, though I never waited. The film brightens its scene, banishes drizzle, and when it needs a square, seeks one more elegant westwards. No complaint, though; the centre, after all, is the children, helping to sell papers, slipping out and dragging along railings, filching earth from a real flower-bed, getting a ride in a smart car, dreaming adventure and prowess in a sunk waste. Neil Paterson and Philip Leacock, responsible for *The Kidnappers,* do even better here with an eleven-year-old, Susan Beaumont, who is frank, natural, and all there. She steals from a church box, drops asleep outside the door where her mother entertains a lover, shins over railings, creates a garden out of debris. The demolition men make an end of that, but there are good fairies watching. Perhaps her story is too much spindrift and not enough onions – especially in the adults encountered – and benevolence in the end has an oversweet taste; still, this doesn't destroy the core of a film (taken from a novel by Rumer Godden), which has also, in its whistling theme, the most individual catch of any film since *The Third Man.*

Gideon's Day (Gaumont) penetrates the arched corridors of New Scotland Yard. This film is an odd, holiday venture of John Ford's, and the alliance with T. E. B. Clarke is hardly less odd. The story-telling – all the dramas a chief inspector has a finger in during a day – is brisk, rather too brisk for belief, but dramatically spurring, so that if our irritated but practical hero (Jack Hawkins) had ten minutes to spare, the whole film would collapse. As it is, he races from suburb to office, East End to St. James's, copes with four murders or so, interviews the bereaved, gets nicked for a motoring offence, and lands home with haddock where smoked salmon should be. Not all the snap dramas are as good as others, nor the jokes equally funny; but the episode of the sad sex-maniac touches truth, and the blue-eyed jinks of a young policeman compensate for jigsaw slickness. Ford makes the most of both.

The reform thriller is an uneasy kind, and it can't be said that *Violent Playground* (Marble Arch Odeon) comes near its Hollywood original (*Crime in the Streets*) despite its Liverpool background. Still, it informs us about police foresight and experiment with delinquency, and achieves some thrills and a little thoughtfulness.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Winged Words

MORE might surely have been made of the filmed interview with Bertrand Russell shown by Associated-Rediffusion on Monday night. It was broadcast at 11 p.m., when few can have been viewing; and, since it was substituted for Dr Bronowski's programme, it was not announced in the *TV Times.* I hope that more, and better, time will be devoted to a repetition of it – more because the interview, extracts from which were taken to make this half-hour programme, actually lasted twice as long, and there must be some good stuff still unused.

If the programme can be so expanded, I hope that it will also be re-edited. Some cement is needed to stick together the gold bricks of Lord Russell's wisdom (and occasional folly), but the device used on Monday seemed to me clumsy and unconvincing: the excerpts were interrupted by live studio conversations between the interviewer, Mr Kenneth Harris, and a smiling woman, and the general effect of their rather banal chattiness was of a poor man's Greek chorus. It would be better if Mr Harris himself provided briefer links by talking straight to the viewers – simply saying 'Then we got on to the subject of . . .', and so on. If necessary for artistic or policy reasons, there could be a 15-minute summing-up discussion at the end between Lord Russell and two or three people of varying views. In this way, an hour's programme of considerable 'prestige' value could be constructed; and Lord Russell's views are expressed with such clarity and relaxed strength and with such a telegenic twinkle, that this might have a wider appeal than may be supposed.

Quite apart from the expected, and dramatic, passages on nuclear war, a great variety of philosophic and personal topics were dealt with. Lord Russell's favourite philosopher is Hume – 'the only one who wanted to get at the truth'. Aristotle was 'totally indifferent to the truth'. We can learn from Russia – but 'things I don't wish to learn'. Ramsay MacDonald's pet peroration was 'Stone by stone and line by line the temple of humanity shall be builded' – and, said Lord Russell, 'any man who says "builded" is a humbug'. His own radicalism is hereditary – 'a family outlook developed in the time of the Stuarts'. Lenin was 'a reincarnation of Cromwell'.

On the previous night began the last of the BBC's *World Theatre* series, Eugene O'Neill's *Strange Interlude.* I mention it now rather than next week in the hope that some who missed the first half will watch the second. It is one of the best things in this uneven and perversely chosen series – admirably produced (by John Jacobs) and acted, especially by Diane Cilento in the difficult part of Nina, the poor, moody, unhinged creature whose infantilism is expressed in such remarks as 'Being happy is the nearest we can come to knowing what being good is'. The adapter, too

(Roy Oxley), has done a remarkable job in reducing the play's five hours to three without impairing its sense of slowly evolving doom.

The play itself wears well, though its elementary, tentative Freudianism seems more shop-soiled now than it did a generation ago. The trick of making the characters speak their thoughts aloud (but heard only by the audience) suits this medium well and soon ceases to be obtrusive: these pre-recorded utterances were ingeniously spatch-cocked in, so that pauses between the spoken parts seemed natural and the actors did not have to stand suddenly still, as (I think) in the stage production. The experiment may, indeed, be a dead end: it does not seem to me notably to enrich the dramatic content or language of the play and calls for less, rather than more, subtlety in acting, since it relieves actors of the task of conveying their thoughts by significant variations in tone or mien. It might, however, be used excitingly by a truly magical poet, a Beddoes or an Auden (as it was in the *Hamlet* soliloquies): O'Neill's prose is too often merely 'poetic' and on the brink of breaking into elegiacs. ('Yes, he is dead, my father, whose passion created me.')

The evensong truce being now ended, a sudden rush of conscience to the channels confronted viewers with no fewer than four religious programmes between 6.10 and 7.25 last Sunday evening: *The Prince of Glory* and *Meeting Point* (a discussion on hire-purchase) on the BBC, *Sunday Break* and *The Throne of Grace* on ITV. The last of these contained the much-publicised 'Christ in jeans', and was the most satisfactory of those I saw. The interrogation and the formalised beating-up and flogging may have seemed mild to viewers used to crime serials and Westerns; but there was a moment of genuinely horrific power when the face was seen close-up as the nails were hammered in. The most difficult anachronism to take was the inevitable central one – the Cross itself: to illustrate the parallel pointed in Fr Hugh Bishop's commentary, it should have been an electric chair or a firing-squad.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

DISENGAGEMENT

SIR,—I am not in the habit of writing in a 'complete political vacuum' and your editorial note sustained that charge only by gross misrepresentation of my article in the *New Reasoner* on a Socialist foreign policy. It simply is not true to say that this article 'draws up a comprehensive plan which would solve all international problems, from the division of Germany to the arms race, in one gigantic treaty'.

Not being an amateur in this field, I wrote about a policy, not a plan.

What I said (p. 31) was:

> The first step in a European settlement is to reduce tension by agreement on some such relatively simple issue as keeping Germany and the neighbouring 'People's Democracies' free from nuclear weapons and bases. This should be accompanied by measures for a progressive thinning out and withdrawal of foreign forces in this area, with arrangements for inspection and supervision.
>
> But even such modest measures of military disengagement and relaxing of tension would profoundly affect political issues such as the unification of Germany and the future of Nato, and of the Warsaw alliance. Thus we cannot take even this first step unless we are clear about the second and third, that is, the unification of Germany within an all-European treaty and the relation of that treaty to the rival alliances and the Charter.

On p. 31, and again on pp. 33 and 35, I emphasise that this is a course of action, stretching over years and resting on certain views of what is happening to the world and of our international purpose as Socialists, and that the stages and paths by which we proceed will depend on circumstances at the time.

It is equally untrue to say the article does not discuss the question of how a Labour government could acquire the bargaining power necessary to secure the acceptance of its proposals in both Washington and Moscow as a basis of negotiation – it does so on pp. 33, 35-7.

What the NEW STATESMAN fails to understand is that you cannot treat disengagement as a limited concept, standing alone. In that respect it is Mr Worsthorne and myself who face the real issue and the NEW STATESMAN that is writing in a political vacuum and an intellectual muddle, sufficiently illustrated by its use of the phoney *cliché* of democracy v. dictatorship to describe the clash between American-led capitalism and Soviet-led Communism.

Ultimately it is a matter of making up our minds who is right – Harold Macmillan when he claimed on 12 October that only the possession by the West of the H-bomb restrains the Soviet Union from open aggression, or Aneurin Bevan, who has said on divers occasions that the USSR no more wants war than we do, that Communist aggression is a myth because Communism is a social challenge, not a military threat, and the Tories are waging an ideological war with H-bombs. I fear the NEW STATESMAN is in an unholy muddle about disengagement because it believes each by turn and both simultaneously.

K. ZILLIACUS

House of Commons

[Mr Zilliacus's first quotation proves our point. He apparently wishes to link the modest proposals for a de-nuclearised zone not merely with the withdrawal of foreign troops but also with the reunification of Germany, the disbanding of the Nato and Warsaw pacts and the signature of an all-European treaty. Thereby he plays straight into the hands of Mr Worsthorne and other critics, who claim that the slightest move towards disengagement will inexorably lead to the demolition of the West's defences. The point we have frequently made in this journal, and which we repeated in analysing Mr Zilliacus's article, is that in the present state of East-West relations the only type of proposal which stands a chance of acceptance is one which, by its very nature, leaves the overall military balance unaltered. Not until agreement has been reached and implemented in this limited field can we move on to more ambitious schemes. We are well aware of Mr Zilliacus's great experience in international affairs, and when we accused him of writing in a 'political vacuum', we referred simply to his unwillingness to recognise the depth of the mutual suspicion between Washington and Moscow – so strikingly illustrated by the Dulles and Krushchev letters – which effectively inhibits an agreement on the scale he outlined. – ED., *NS.*]

THE KRUSHCHEV LETTER

SIR,—If Mr Krushchev insists that the Hungarian revolution of 1956 was led by a 'handful of Fascist conspirators and imperialist agents' or 'Horthy elements', why not disclose their identity? Will he not give the name of one single person, representative of the Horthy regime, who played a leading part in that revolution? I could easily provide him with a long list of leading Communists – politicians writers, soldiers – and with another of progressive non-Communists, well known for their adherence to the idea of co-existence, who did play a leading part in it and who have subsequently been imprisoned, deported or driven into exile.

The sole thing which really surprises me in Mr Krushchev's letter is his apparent ignorance of his own important and respectable role in inspiring the course of events in 1956. Surely it was not the impotent dream-mongering of 'Horthy elements' but rather Mr Krushchev's magnificent revelation of Stalin's lunacy, and the brave promises made at the 20th Congress, which induced so many people to believe in the approaching era of Socialist Democracy. I should add, without the slightest irony, that Mr Krushchev and all his fellow 20th Congressists, should be given full credit for that. They succeeded, by courageously dissociating themselves from Stalin's loathsome heritage, in saving the honour of their Communist creed at least for a while. Whether it would have been cleverer to go further in saving it is a question on which my advice is not required. But the editor of the NEW STATESMAN can bear witness to my continued efforts to find a reasonable compromise on the Hungarian question, instead of using the tragedy just as ammunition in the anti-Soviet campaign. There are people more important than myself, both Hungarians and non-Hungarians, who are working on the same lines. These efforts are certainly not facilitated by a repetition of accusations which the accusers do not even try to substantiate.

PAUL IGNOTUS

Hungarian Writers' Association Abroad
14 St George Street, W1

JEWS IN THE USSR

SIR,—The way Mr Sloan parades the solitary Jew in the Soviet diplomatic service and the elderly Mitin of the Central Committee reminds me of the *Oberburgermeister* of Vienna in the reign of Franz-Josef who defended his appointment of a Galician Jew as an alderman of Vienna's *Judenrein* city council by shouting: 'I decide who is a Jew around here'. The survival of Yudin and Mitin out of hundreds of Jews who occupied high political posts in the Soviet Union only serves to illustrate how thoroughly Jews have been purged from the governing classes of the Soviet Union.

The denigration of the Moscow Yiddish Theatre in support of the argument for stifling Jewish drama is, I think, rather caddish. Mr Sloan would have us swallow the falsehood that it had only one 'superb actor', Mikhoels, and was known in the West only because of his *King Lear*, 'a gem of English, not Jewish, culture'. But this renowned theatre, which

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established its own unique style of drama, was in fact the very crux of Soviet-Jewish culture.

Even if Mr Sloan's patronising view of the theatre was justified, I wonder how he will explain a curious omission in the recently published 50th volume of the *Soviet Encyclopædia*. This contains an exhaustive article on the Soviet theatre; it lists almost every play staged since the October Revolution; it devotes considerable space to discussing the development of national theatres in Ukrainian, Georgian, Armenian, Kazakh, Uzbek, Turkmenian, Azerbidjani, Tatar, etc.; almost every theatrical figure of any significance is mentioned. Yet, there is not a single word about the Moscow State Yiddish Theatre or of Mikhoels. They have been erased from the record.

Mr Sloan generally fails to understand the role of Yiddish in the USSR, where it is the mother-tongue of a great many people. How else could he seriously put forward the argument that Yiddish works are being published in Russian in order to give them a wide readership? Let us transpose this situation to the Czechs, who are also a small nation. Wouldn't even their conformity be strained if their literature was denied to them in the original and was translated into Russian to reach a wider public? Why, of all the small nationalities in the Soviet Union, single out the Yiddish speaking Jews for this privilege?

The same holds good for Yiddish schools. If, until 1938, 800 Yiddish primary and secondary schools could exist in the Ukraine and White Russia alone, did the demand for them cease overnight, or were they in fact made 'redundant' by the same administrative measures that reduced the 'abnormal' proportion of Jews in leading positions to a negligible level in Soviet society? Is there not room for even one school in the USSR where Yiddish may be taught, even if only a second or third language? Jews are deprived of their language, their culture and their history. It seems to be a sure way of manufacturing rootless 'cosmopolitans'.

EMANUEL LITVINOFF

World Jewish Congress
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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

VICTORY FOR SOCIALISM

SIR,—Ian Mikardo is surely right in emphasising the importance of restoring the enthusiasm of active Labour Party workers. But the question is: What does Victory for Socialism mean when it talks in its manifesto about the 'rapid extension of social ownership in all the centres of financial, commercial, industrial and landowning power'?

The case for nationalising certain water, aircraft and machine tool companies is overwhelming. But do Victory for Socialism think that we should go on and on, nationalising one industry after another in 1945 fashion? Is the state purchase of shares at their full market value the only alternative? The latter is hardly a way of extending social ownership as the companies concerned would still be run, like BP, for the profit of private shareholders.

Moreover, state bidding for shares is only too likely to lead to higher share values and inflation. The Labour Party is at present wrestling with the problem of providing a 'complete and concrete answer' to the cost of living problem. Rent controls, price controls and subsidies are not going to induce the unions to restrict wage claims to 'five or ten shillings a week' as we had these things in 1950 when the TUC repudiated restraint. A capital gains tax is an ineffective instrument which leaves industrial property owners capital gains of £370 millions a year. Increases in the profits tax had little effect on trade union opinion in 1951, 1955 and 1956. And it may well be that the forthcoming economic policy statement will recognise that it may be necessary to limit dividends as a measure against inflation.

This would help to prevent state purchases of shares having inflationary consequences; and its value as a measure against inflation is indicated by the poll last September which showed that only 17 per cent of trade unionists would oppose an offer by the TUC to peg wages if dividends were limited by law. Three trade unionists in four want such legislation and only one voter in four opposes it; the policy is popular with the public and the unions.

Another poll showed that only 32 per cent of trade unionists favoured the state buying shares in companies, and the proportion of voters is doubtless lower as they are not bound by ties of loyalty to the Labour movement. But 58 per cent of Labour supporters think that workers ought to be given a share in the ownership of the firms for which they work and only 18 per cent oppose it. Dividend limitation and industrial democracy are themes which appeal both to active Labour Party workers and liberal minded voters.

In 1949 Labour proposed to 'mutualise' certain insurance companies, that is reorganise them on a co-operative basis. Why should we not go further and bring a large part of industry under social ownership by mutualising all companies which distribute more than, say, £50,000 a year in dividends? The Socialists in the constituencies should welcome the replacement of production for profit by production for use over a large part of industry; and the policy could be sold to the public in the name of partnership and price stabilisation. The Labour movement should mark the centenary of the death of Robert Owen by moving towards a co-operative interpretation of Socialism.

PAUL DERRICK

London

THE CHIMNEY OF THE WORLD

SIR,—In his article last week, Professor Briggs refers to the way that Engels prophesied that the condition of the Working Class in England in the early 1840s would lead to Revolution, I am reminded of the story told of Sir Robert Peel (my great-grandfather) and the Radical Joseph Hume.

In 1848, when the news of the deposition of Louis Philippe reached London, Hume crossed the floor of the House of Commons to tell Peel. Sir Robert pointed to the benches where the Protectionists sat and said: 'This is what would have happened here, if I had listened to them'.

So perhaps, when we read or hear the author of *Sibyl* cracked up at the expense of Sir Robert, we may reflect that the latter was not always so politically short-sighted as some historians, though certainly not Professor Briggs, would have us believe.

GEORGE F. PEEL

Blounts Court
Reading

POETS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—Christopher Logue has good reason to reproach his fellow poets for their indifference—indeed their insensitivity—to the challenge of the hydrogen bomb. But he does not mention the signal exception, namely Edith Sitwell, who has published no fewer than three poems on the evils of nuclear war: *Dirge for the New Sunrise*, *The Shadow of Cain* and *The Canticle of the Rose*. Moreover, her concern with this subject dates from the explosion of the first atom bomb. In the preface to *The Shadow of Cain*, Dame Edith writes:

> On the tenth of September, 1945, nearly five weeks after the fall of the first atom bomb, my brother Sir Osbert Sitwell and I were in the train going to Brighton, where we were to give a reading. He pointed out to me a paragraph in *The Times*, a description by an eye witness of the immediate effect of the atomic bomb upon Hiroshima. . . . From that moment the poem began, although it was not actually written until April of the next year.

One would have to go a long way to find poetry which was more *engagé* than this.

MAURICE CRANSTON

Travellers' Club, SW1

J. B. PRIESTLEY

SIR,—'. . . Everywhere except in Bootle, Edmonton and the Holloway Road, where they remain faithful to the unspeakable Priestley . . .' I have suspected for some time that I am unspeakable, but I am relieved to learn from Mr Francis Newton that they do not know this yet in Bootle, Edmonton and the Holloway Road.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Albany, W1

[We regret the unspeakable misprint.—ED., *NS.*]

THEATRE WORKSHOP AND POLICE

SIR,—A summons has been brought by the police against the manager, producer, playwright, licensee and one actor who were concerned in the production of the play *You Won't Always Be On Top* at the Theatre Royal, Stratford at Bow last autumn. It alleges that they: 'Unlawfully for hire presented parts of a new stage play entitled *You Won't Always Be On Top* before such parts had been allowed by the Lord Chamberlain, contrary to Section 15, Theatres Act, 1843'. The case is to be heard before the West Ham magistrates on 16 April.

Theatre Workshop, the company concerned, is famous in this country and abroad for fertile and original work in both contemporary and classical drama. It is completely without reserves to meet the cost of its defence in court and would almost certainly have to close unless it receives financial help.

The Home Secretary recently announced that he was going to study the law of theatre censorship, which has been exercised for two centuries by a court official, the Lord Chamberlain, and it seems likely that the law is about to undergo one of those concentrated inspections by public opinion to which we in this country periodically subject our more controversial institutions. For this reason, as well as for the great intrinsic merit of Theatre Workshop itself, we should like to see the defence conducted in the best possible way, and appeal to your readers to contribute to a defence fund. Cheques, payable to the Theatre Workshop Defence Fund, may be sent to the Hon. Wayland Young, 100 Bayswater Road, W2.

FRITH BANBURY
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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The World of C. P. Snow

THE first of the Lewis Eliot sequence of novels, *Strangers and Brothers*, was published in 1940. The second to appear was *The Light and the Dark* (1947). After this, there followed at regular intervals *Time of Hope* (1949), *The Masters* (1951), *The New Men* (1954) and *Homecomings* (1956). I very greatly enjoyed *The Masters* and admired the skill by which this story of a disputed college election was made both exciting in itself and an illustration of the inevitably personal nature of all political conflicts. But I was inclined to regard it as a brilliant accident, a book made by its subject and owing a good deal, as its author owned, to the inspiration of Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*. The sequence as a whole I regarded with rather lukewarm respect; but my whole feeling was changed by reading *Homecomings*. I suddenly felt that what I had taken to be a series of novels by a very intelligent observer of society had turned into something quite different, and that when it was completed the whole work would turn out to be much more than the sum of its parts. I went back and read the series through from the beginning. It was then apparent that one novel in the sequence was missing, as one should have guessed from the dates of publication. It is this missing novel, the second of the series, which has now appeared*. Like the others, *The Conscience of the Rich* is complete in itself. But it is impossible not to see it as part of the whole enterprise and to treat it as if its successors had not appeared. It has to be considered as a novel about a crisis in a young man's life and also as the second of eleven, of which seven have been published.

Strangers and Brothers, which is to give its title to the whole work, was set in a provincial town. Its hero was the solicitor's clerk, George Passant, leader of a group of young people, who came to grief at the close and stood his trial for obtaining money on false pretences. *The Conscience of the Rich* presents an entirely different milieu, that of a wealthy Anglo-Jewish family. The son, Charles March, is reading for the Bar when Lewis meets him. The novel is concerned with his break with his father in particular, and the family tradition in general, his marriage and his sister's marriage. As in the previous novel, the plot leads to a public crisis and scandal, in this case a political one. Charles's wife is a contributor to a mimeographed news-sheet *The Note*, and this makes allegations against the political honour of Charles's uncle, a holder of minor ministerial office. Lewis, who was in the first novel active in George Passant's defence, is equally concerned here as a kind of go-between and confidant, *persona grata* on all sides. He is a shadowy figure, whose personal affairs are only briefly referred to, engaged in making a career for himself at the Bar with very little money behind him, absorbed, as far as the novel shows him, in the affairs of his friends. These two first novels present companion and contrasting pictures. The young people of George Passant's group are making their own lives unencumbered by tradition, and George's power is purely personal. The March family, on the other hand, is a formidable left-over from the world before 1914 and Charles is the inheritor of the power which wealth and security give. He finds it intolerable that he should continue in this closed world, wealthy, stuffy, inbred and deeply conservative, and revolts at the idea of a safe career at the Bar, where his connections added to his natural talents will secure him success. He chooses instead to study medicine and become a GP in Pimlico, breaking painfully with his father and accepting disinheritance.

Like all the novels of the series, *The Conscience of the Rich* has something of the fascination of a BBC Scrapbook. Lewis was nine years old in 1914 and is fifty-three today. We met him first in the 'experimental Twenties'; in this novel we meet him in the 'political Thirties'. It is taken for granted that intelligent young men will be on the left, and Lewis himself is respectably so. But the novel is less vivid than my memories and is in a way parasitic upon them. C. P. Snow has no talent for rendering scenes, nor does he create strikingly alive characters. He is curiously unable to render tones of voice. A tiny example here is the passage quoted from *The Note*. This has all the superficial features of the style of *The Week*, but fails to catch its tone of gleeful knowingness. It is conscientious parody, not re-creation. This failure is repeated on a massive scale in the presentation of Charles's father. He is assertive, possessive and neurotically paternal and indulges in what is described more than once as a form of 'total recall'. He has all the makings of what in any other novelist would be a richly comic, grotesquely pathetic character. But I never catch in his speeches a characteristic rhythm which unites these various characteristics. He is described and analysed and allowed to speak at great length and it all adds up: it does not fuse. In the same way, although I am continually impressed by the truth and shrewdness of the comments on the habits and manners of wealthy Anglicised Jews, they are comments on a world which I know already and do not know better for reading the book. The world of the novel is, in other words, not self-validating. My response is 'How true'; but I mean by this that I have read a true description of, and comment on, what exists in my own imagination more vividly than in the book.

It was this lack of immediacy and of imaginative veracity which made me write off the Lewis Eliot novels as being no more than intelligent entertainment. But the central chapters of *Homecomings* convinced me that I was wrong. These describe the crisis of the narrator's own life. They moved me so much and have remained so vividly in my memory that I realised that I had been judging the other novels by a wrong standpoint, had been demanding from the author something inconsistent with what he was giving, and that the whole enterprise asked for a different kind of appraisal. The worlds presented in the novels which do not deal directly with the personal life of the narrator are presented through the medium of a personality, refracted by an individual vision. C. P. Snow is attempting something which, on this scale, has no parallel in English, a panoramic novel which accepts fully the limitations of narration in the first person. If we complain that the worlds presented seem grey, colourless and rather muted, we are complaining of the limitations of the personality of Lewis Eliot.

Lewis Eliot is 'a hero of our time', one of the indispensable men of twentieth-century England. He is able, industrious, conscientious, honourable, fair-minded and tolerant. His skill lies in handling men and situations, and he moves, by way of the Bar, which he combines with a Cambridge Fellowship, to what we feel to be his destined place, the war-time Civil Service. He is a born administrator. Our society depends on the existence of such men: they are as much characteristic of it as tyrants were of Renaissance Italy or enlightened despots of the eighteenth century. Eliot has won a position for himself by his own ability and efforts, starting from the provinces with no advantages. He becomes successful and important, but not, of course, famous. It is of the essence of his kind of success that it does not bring with it public recognition. Its rewards are more private and subtle than applause. His absorbing interest is in human beings, their temperaments, predicaments and motives. He analyses them with a detachment and persistence which gives these novels their odd flavour. He always knows better, sees more clearly, and judges more truly than his friends do themselves. He would be intolerable were it not that his comments are often most perceptive and profound, and that, ironically, they come from a man whose intimate personal life is disastrously unhappy. That there is a subtle link between conspicuous success in 'dealing with people' and failure in the most important personal relations becomes clear as the sequence moves to its climax.

It is his own nature Eliot is seeking to understand in his search for the flaws and weaknesses of others, and to complain of the narrator's priggishness or of the lack of humour with which he views the world is to complain of things which are necessary concomitants of the kind of prolonged and serious self-inquisition which is at the centre of the whole long work. When it is completed it will have to be judged not merely on the truthfulness with which it reveals and analyses the stresses and strains of professional life in our age, but on whether the experience of Lewis Eliot comes to have the kind of significance for us which we find in the experience of Proust's hero.

The comparison is at first sight a fatal one. The most poetical of novelists is being set against a writer whose style is at best pedestrian, and at worst falls below the pedestrian and takes refuge in cliché. There is no pleasure to be had in savouring the sentences in a Snow novel. Again, whereas Proust's hero admits us

* *The Conscience of the Rich.* By C. P. SNOW. *Macmillan.* 15s.

to a world of exquisite and poignantly refined sensuous and æsthetic enjoyment, Lewis Eliot seems incapable of any intense sensations of pleasure, sensuous or intellectual. For all this, I think the comparison demands to be made. The world of Lewis Eliot is a drab one beside that of Marcel, and it is not peopled by memorable individuals. It is none the less a real fictional world, which has come to exist in the mind, so that we can speak of 'a Snow situation' as we speak of 'a Proustian experience'. Professional success plays the same kind of part in the whole as the cult of social success plays in Proust. The ultimate quest is not for success, but for value and meaning. Proust's hero discovers this within himself, in the individual mind's power to create its experience and to contemplate it in memory. Eliot is to discover it in the relations of man to men. For all its beauty and variety there is a coldness at the heart of Proust's masterpiece which shocks the human conscience. The appeal of 'a Snow situation' is, on the contrary, primarily an appeal to the conscience and to our moral experience. At the heart of the work is the conviction that we are members one of another; and the whole enterprise seems to me the most impressive attempt in our generation to explore through fiction the moral nature of man.

HELEN GARDNER

Vol. II of Ruskin's *Diaries* (1848-1873) edited by Joan Evans and J. H. Whitehouse has been published by Oxford at 70s; and Vol. IX of *Berkeley's Works*, edited by A. A. Luce and T. E. Jessop, by Nelson at 30s.

The Ten Thousand Things
MARIA DERMOUT

The most hauntingly strange novel we have ever published. "A rare novel, not only in its magic but also in its powerful reminder that truth—about Asia as well as about life itself—is never simple."—*N.Y. Herald Tribune.*

"An unusual, lovely book of great charm. A remarkable book in every way."
—DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

April 7th 16*s.*

No Man Knows the Night
H. C. BRANNER

Denmark's most outstanding novelist has written of the end of Nazi occupation in Copenhagen. "Resistance, frustration and disillusion are gathering to a climax. There is a strong plot, a lot of violent action, a great variety of sex."—PENELOPE MORTIMER in *Sunday Times.* 18*s.*

Niki: The Story of a Dog
TIBOR DERY

"*NIKI* IS A MASTERPIECE."
—RICHARD CHURCH.

"In *NIKI* there is nothing mawkish: one's heart is truly touched."
—ROSAMUND LEHMANN.

Dery first published this novel just before the Hungarian uprising. He is now serving a nine years' sentence for his part in it!

Book Soc. Rec. April 7th 10*s.* 6*d.*

Secker & Warburg

A Letter Full of Hate

A letter full of hate. Hate answers back.
One burns the letter, burns one's reply.
Feels like a bad man on a quite good rack.
Keeps on composing answers. Wonders why.

One should forgive all injuries, of course.
And one had swallowed many insults, too.
To shout against the wind would make one hoarse.
To spit against the wind, uncleanly, too.

Poor, without talent, ugly, envious, vain,
Listed to think himself a saint and bard,
Lopsided pillar in the winds of pain,
Whom nature, luck, and not one's own luck marred,

And yet one's own luck (if he knew it all!)
Stands as his symbol of foul compromise
With papers, pennies, people at its call,
So heaven forgive one, yes . . . but damn one's eyes!

And one's first rancour, gathering weight from his,
Heaves up the phrases that would smash him flat;
Becomes his gibbering antithesis
And then recoils, in stammering fear, from that,

So many devils from a small scrawled page!
So much do opposites communicate!
One crawls in terror from the sprawl of rage,
The bloody spill of all the soul in hate!

Some habit of indifferent good will,
Not tenderness or lust, is proper love.
Well only numbly not to wish him ill
Wrestle! And, rigorous, patient powers above,

Who shape one to ironic purposes
And buy one's acquiescence with the sun,
Teach one to see the truth in what he says:
Perhaps he is a better man than one.

G. S. FRASER

As the Grass Grows

Big Sur and the Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch. By HENRY MILLER. *Heinemann.* 30*s.*

Big Sur is the coastal region in California where Henry Miller has lived since 1947. This book is a description of his life there, partly biographical, partly reminiscent, colloquially philosophical and essentially, as the author would be the first to admit, a potpourri. But then, Henry Miller is a potpourrier, if one may coin a word probably unknown to the French, an inveterate hotchpotcher, and is none the worse for that. His literary ancestor is Laurence Sterne, with whom he has much in common apart from his methods of composition – his sentiment, for example, his style ('writing', said Sterne, 'is but a different name for conversation') and even, as some would have it, his obscenity. But to take this last and most controversial question first: a 'Note to the Reader' appears in the English edition of Miller's book, apologising to author and reader alike for the fact that 'certain modifications and deletions from the original book have been imposed in conformance with the law regulating book publication in Great Britain'. A ridiculous law, that treats the British reader as in some sense more childish and vulnerable than his American counterpart! Luckily I already possess a copy of the unexpurgated American edition, and having read it before the British edition reached me, I was puzzled to know what could have brought out the blue pencil of the British printer and publisher – no doubt acting on behalf of the tender-minded managers of circulating libraries.

A casual comparison of a few pages of the two editions shows that it is for the most part a question of those familiar four-letter words with which the British working-man punctuates every sentence, and which the intelligentsia reserve for effective emphasis. It is not a question on which to waste any more of my limited space, but it does make a difference. Henry Miller (again like Sterne) is not an obscene writer; he is that rare phenomenon, a completely natural writer, and he uses obscene words not deliberately like D. H. Lawrence, but as an essential part of the subject depicted. The best thing in this book is a hundred-page portrait of a sponger called Conrad Moricand. It has the vividness of seventeenth-century Aubrey and the psychological penetration of twentieth-century Proust. To have those pungent little words replaced by a meaningless euphemism like 'O.K.' is to deprive the portrait of its high-lights.

The Oranges of Hieronymus Bosch do little more than provide Miller with a colourful title for his book. Someone gave him a copy of Wilhelm Fränger's fascinating book on Bosch, and Bosch's painting of 'The Millenium' gets mixed up with the flora and fauna of the Big Sur landscape. But we quietly pass on to a picture of life on Partington Ridge – Miller's children, his neighbours (most of them voluntary exiles from civilisation), the people who drop in from every quarter of the globe, the shoals of fan letters he receives, the writers he has known, the books he has read, and those he has written or proposes to write himself. It is, after all, rather like the Bosch triptych – full of naked human beings, grotesque animals, symbolic riddles and all the extremes of experience between heaven and hell. It is also consistently humorous, in spite of the apocalyptic curses on modern civilisation that periodically irrupt like flames at the back of one of the panels of the Bosch triptych – in his Californian paradise he is never for long unaware of 'the unspeakable horror of this man-made universe'.

But it is chiefly the prose style that one must praise, especially as prose style is not often praised by reviewers: it is the needle lost in the haystack of our journalism. I have already called it the 'natural' style – there are as many varieties of prose style as there are of poetic style. But the natural style is perhaps the rarest style, for it rides the narrow ridge between dignity and the commonplace. Ford Madox Ford used to say that W. H. Hudson wrote prose 'as the grass grows', and that conveys the organic ease of the process. And it cannot be quoted in snippets: no purple patches, no perorations. Another master of a very different prose style – his friend, Lawrence Durrell – has given us the best description of its 'sweep and volume . . . the powerful swell and cadence of its music'.

> Its rough masculinity is very far removed from 'toughness' in the Hemingway sense; it has a rampaging Elizabethan quality, a rare tonic vitality, which comes from the savage health of its creator. Taken in bulk, with all its prodigious tracts of roughage, its plateaux covered in uncut gems, its weird tracts of half-explored vegetation running along the snowlines of metaphysics – one is reminded of the stutterings and stammerings of a Whitman or a Melville.

Stutterings and stammerings? – that misses the casual ease of the utterance, but I admit the roughage. It consists mainly of little sermons on 'the inscrutable laws of the universe'.

HERBERT READ

The Upper House

The House of Lords and Contemporary Politics. By P. A. BROMHEAD. *Routledge.* 30*s.*

There is no subject on which Socialists and Conservatives might be more reasonably and sharply divided than the future of the House of Lords. No one who has given the matter a few hours' study believes that we would get along well without a Second Chamber at all. No one with the mildest Socialist or even radical leanings can think of any reason in the abstract why Britain, alone of the countries of the world, requires a Second Chamber dominated in the last resort by the hereditary element. Few Conservatives, and no Conservative Government, would contemplate abolishing the hereditary element if they were free to decide the matter. On the face of it, disagreement is bound to be absolute, and we seem condemned to rub along as we are with small tinkering changes at the best. I exclude the addition of women from this slighting reference. They should represent a substantial gain.

Those, however, who believe that it is important for national welfare that the main institutions of the country, as distinct from its policies of the moment, should be overwhelmingly accepted, as are, for example, our Monarchy, House of Commons, Judiciary and Civil Service, will recognise the need for compromise. They will study this scholarly and valuable work to see what light it throws on practical possibilities. 'This book,' writes its author, 'is not a treatise on the reform of the House of Lords, but primarily a study of the working of the unreformed House.' But I do not know a more helpful or succinct account of recent proposals for reform and the main portion of the book, in describing what has been and what is, provides the essential background for a discussion of what should be.

Dr Bromhead naturally assumes full responsibility 'for all errors of fact or judgment', but apart from his own patent diligence it would be surprising if there were obvious mistakes in a work whose proofs were read by Lord Salisbury and Lord Chorley, one of the three co-authors of the 1954 Fabian pamphlet. The only dictum which should be corrected in a second edition is the statement (p. 95) that the equivalent of the Speaker is the Lord Chancellor. It is true that we are told on the following page that 'his functions as Speaker, his powers of keeping order and managing procedure are almost non-existent . . .' but if Dr Bromhead has attended many debates in the House of Lords he can hardly be unaware that while, as he says, there is no presiding officer in the normal sense, the keeping of order and the managing of procedure in the event of grave difficulty would fall to the Leader of the House. The Lord Chancellor, just because the House of Lords are determined to prevent his becoming a Speaker, would be almost the last person expected or allowed to intervene.

I think, too, that Dr Bromhead's almost too faithful reliance on the documentary evidence and on Hansard in particular lets him down a little when he takes at their face value some of the stupendous tributes paid to maiden speakers. For never again is Hansard likely to present the House as having acclaimed us so enthusiastically as on the first occasion, or as having begged us almost with tears in its eyes to address their Lordships again and again.

These trifles apart, the account given of what is done and of those who do it is better than any other existent. But where does it all lead us? Here my own bias will be evident to anyone who reads the last chapter but one, and theoretically at least Dr Bromhead seeks to agree with me in supporting 'the device of having two classes of members, voting and non-voting'. The voting writs would be distributed, on one idea at least, in some rough correspondence with the Party situation in the House of Commons. The government of the day would be enabled to secure a majority in the Upper House when really put to it, as at present always under a Conservative, but never under a Labour government. More scope, however, than in the House of Commons would be left for Liberals and Independents. The hereditary peers, as such, would continue to possess the right of sitting and speaking, but not of voting. The hereditary element would be entirely eliminated from the voting arrangements, while continuity would be preserved. The present character of the debates would be maintained and improved by a greater readiness of Labour men to accept peerages. A true basis for compromise is offered. Dr Bromhead rather wistfully mentions the objections to such a plan as 'seeming rather insubstantial but as likely in the long run to be decisive'. He falls back, as I believe one is bound to, if the Two-Writ plan, or something like it, is rejected, on the present House, improved perhaps in minor ways. Certainly the financial question cannot be left where it is much longer.

It may be that nothing much will happen because the gulf between the parties is too great. It may be that the country will somehow or other work its way to the view that we do want agreement on this as on our other main institutions. Then for the first time a meeting of minds may be attempted and Dr Bromhead's pages will be studied afresh and point the way, unless I am mistaken, to a very simple conclusion.

PAKENHAM

Frontiers of the Ego

Chronic Schizophrenia. By THOMAS FREEMAN, JOHN L. CAMERON and ANDREW MCGHIE. *Tavistock.* 21*s.*

This important monograph is the product of a useful piece of team-work between a psychoanalyst, a psychiatrist, and a psychologist who made an intensive study of carefully selected groups of chronic schizophrenic patients in the Glasgow Royal Mental Hospital. As Anna Freud points out in her preface, it offers a great deal more than its sober title leads us to expect.

The most significant single fact that emerges from the study is the way in which the investigations amplify the nature of the basic disturbance in schizophrenia, which has been for some time regarded as a disorder of the ego. This is the reason for the analogy between schizophrenia and various other toxic states, whether induced by drugs such as mescalin or by lack of oxygen at high altitudes; also with – whisper it – certain mystical experiences. The boundary between the self and the not-self disappears. One subject under mescalin on hearing mouth-organ music played outside declared: 'I am music. I am climbing in music'. Another reported, 'I feel my body floating over without limit into the surroundings'.

> It is this factor of 'ego feeling' or the ability to differentiate the self from the environment that we regard as being damaged in chronic schizophrenia, thus leading to the patient experiencing internal and external sensations as a continuum. We believe that once this basic disturbance is appreciated, all other manifestations can be viewed as necessary elaborations.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS
and Contemporary Politics
P. A. BROMHEAD

'Dr. Bromhead's outstanding success is that he has contrived to combine with all the facts needed an extremely vivid and well-balanced picture of the House of Lords as it is today. The result is a book that is not only invaluable to students but also to the general reader.'—T. E. UTLEY, in the *Daily Telegraph.*
30*s. net.*

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER
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Intrigues and love affairs, family quarrels and pageantry fill this magnificent novel, translated from the Chinese. It is the story of a rich and powerful family of the 18th century, and is charmingly illustrated with 34 Chinese woodcuts.
50*s. net.*

THE DUAL SITE
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This is the author's third collection of poems to be published, poems concerned with the inward processes of the heart and mind which underlie our human predicament, poems which may well be read beyond any current literary fashion.
10*s.* 6*d. net.*

THE HUMAN HAND
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A complete study of the human hand—its evolution in comparison with the animal hand; its variety of functions; its expressive power; its social, magical, religious, aesthetic and cultural significance, its sensibilities and its place in medical diagnosis and treatment.
Illustrated. 21*s. net.*

LIFE: An Introduction to Biology
G. G. SIMPSON
C. S. PITTENDRIGH
L. H. TIFFANY

'*Life* is a remarkable achievement. Within the compass of a single volume the authors have given an up-to-date and illuminating account of the facts and principles of biology which every intelligent human being should read.'— JULIAN HUXLEY. *Illustrated.* 50*s. net.*

INDIA'S CHANGING VILLAGES
S. C. DUBE

This intensive study of a Community Development Project in Uttar Pradesh, India, analyses the complex human factors involved in the process of introducing modern ideas in a tradition-bound society. *Illustrated,* 25*s. net.*

ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL

The detailed observation of the patients bears out this conclusion in a number of ways. Together with the disintegration of the body image, with which the formation of the ego is closely connected, it seems to account for the most diverse symptoms and to make sense of the most bizarre forms of behaviour. It explains how, as the frontiers of the ego blur and merge with the external environment, the mental processes become more and more primitive, with symbolism and extreme condensation playing an important part.

Aetiologically, the authors make no deductions. Their own conviction of the fundamental nature of the ego disorder prompts them to take a catholic interest in similar phenomena, 'experienced in many normal situations outside psychosis'. One wonders what they would make of Zen Buddhism, for instance. The Zen Buddhist masters appear to aim at a conscious recognition of a state of living in a continuum, a sort of controlled neo-schizophrenia, as it were. Some of their mental exercises, the meta-logical Koans, or nonsensical conundrums, are distinctly reminiscent of schizophrenic thought. Whether, as Freud himself remarked in connection with some other types of mystical practices, the method of turning the personality inside out, and the focusing the perceptual apparatus on to the more primitive levels of the mind, is a short-cut to universal truth, we may reasonably doubt. The fact remains that the Ego, with which we perceive ourselves and reality, is, however, inevitably to some extent, a perpetual contradiction and limitation. Perhaps the extent to which the schizophrenic, albeit pathologically, transcends this limitation is at the root of the traditional veneration for insanity.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

"One of the most exciting things to happen in the world of crime fiction last year was the debut of Ed Lacy with *The Best That Ever Did It* and *Lead With Your Left*. America has many extremely smooth crime writers, but few who combine freshness with smoothness so ably as Mr. Lacy."
—*Anthony Price, Oxford Mail.*

ROOM TO SWING

"Something nearly if not quite new here. New York Negro private eye, Toussaint Moore, suspected of killing man he was assigned to shadow. . . . A trifle crude and ragged in parts but readable all the way."
—*Maurice Richardson, Observer.*

by ED LACY

"Ed Lacy likes his detectives to be underprivileged in some way or another. His private eye in *Room to Swing* is a Negro, and as sensitive as a ferrite aerial to the various attitudes to the colour bar he observes, both in his own folk and among 'ofays' . . . the action and the conversations are very good."
—*Leo Harris, Books & Bookmen.*

"One of the most interesting new American writers is undoubtedly Ed Lacy. He has freshness of imagination and his technical ability is considerable. In his third book, *Room to Swing*, he employs a coloured detective, a circumstance which gives scope to the writer's insistent humanity. The plot hinges on a gauche TV show and a frame for a white killing. The writing is quiet and unsensational and the characters rounded into three dimensions." —*Alan Hunter, Eastern Daily Press.*

10s 6d net

A BOARDMAN-BLOODHOUND MYSTERY

Detection and Thrillers

Unreasonable Doubt. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

He Should Have Died Hereafter. By CYRIL HARE. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Gazebo. By PATRICIA WENTWORTH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Ice Axe Murders. By GLYN CARR. *Bles.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Chinese Bell Murders. By ROBERT VAN GULIK. *Michael Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Marion. By JOHN BINGHAM. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Night Extra. By WILLIAM MCGIVERN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bunny Lake is Missing. By EVELYN PIPER. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The switch of popular taste from the rigours of pure detection to the self-indulgence of thrillers is now visibly established on the library shelves. For those who have been following the course of events since the far-off days of Freeman Wills Crofts, it looks as if Gresham's Law has got to work in a new field. The coinage of detection is being steadily clipped, now that emotional gratification supplants the exercise of intelligence. People who want to solve riddles for themselves while sitting in comfortable arm-chairs had better confine their attention in future to chess problems or cross-word puzzles: their Third Programme days are over, where books are concerned.

A few stalwarts, however, still keep the tattered flag of Sherlock Holmes flying. *Unreasonable Doubt* can be recommended to test the reader's perspicacity. What is the link between the murder of a deplorable Greek coin-collector on the Riviera and the inspissated somnolence of an English village, with its Women's Institute and flower shows? Miss Ferrars takes great pride and joy in her characters, and often in the past her novelist's enthusiasm has led to her undoing. But on this occasion the underlying scheme is sufficiently perplexing to allow us a close-up view of the persons involved without inevitably betraying the criminal. Miss Ferrars has not handicapped herself with any obvious motive, yet, when the truth comes out, the solution does not overtax our credulity. Such original ideas come rarely; and *Unreasonable Doubt* is written with that extra gusto which a brand-new plot always evokes in its lucky inventor.

By contrast, Mr Hare sets to work on shoddier material. For one thing, his title is a dead give-away of his plot. *He Should Have Died Hereafter* applies to a body discovered on an Exmoor knoll which performs the disappearing trick for a very convenient space of time. Family feuds are so deeply involved that one suspects Mr Hare of having recently re-read *Lorna Doone*. He writes with his usual air of leisurely sophistication and authority; but for once he must be recommended more for his style than his matter.

In *The Gazebo* Miss Silver knits her quiet way to her thirtieth solution of a mystery too profound for the police. (If we don't know her methods by this time we never shall: they end incorrigibly in lovers' meetings.) A tiresome widow wishes to prevent her daughter marrying by selling her home and taking the girl on a cruise. When she takes a walk at night to the gazebo at the bottom of her garden and gets strangled things look black for the young man – barring Miss Silver, and the reader's acquaintance with the previous history of the premises. By disregarding the love interest, one should be able to keep ahead of Miss Silver's train of thought without fatigue.

Some intolerable personages spring into horrid, supposititious life in *The Ice Axe Murders*, a booming actor-manager, a pair of schoolmistresses, a film star and so on, all bound for Chamonix to climb Mont Blanc – and the reader had better fasten his crampons! After the successful ascent the murders begin in the vicinity of the Vallot Hut (altitude 14,500 feet) in a snowstorm. How does Body No. 1 move from one side of the mountain to the other? Where is the missing ice axe? Mr Carr proves himself to be a good man on the other end of a rope, but a poor hand at character-drawing; and there are precious few suspects at that altitude. Many of us will have made the acquaintance of the villain much lower down, at the Grands Mulets, in fact.

Judge Dee presents himself as an Oriental Holmes in *The Chinese Bell Murders*. The publisher assures us he was an actual historical figure who operated during the T'ang dynasty; yet his shrewd methods of deduction and the unscrupulous suavity of his procedure anticipate the palmy days of Baker Street. Mr Van Gulik promises us more of the judge's exploits, but he would be well advised to abandon feeble illustrations and cut down on the *chinoiseries* in future volumes.

Thrillers are fundamentally Westerns, disguised in modern costume for adults who fondly imagine they have outgrown their childish jeans. The author exhibits his skill in the amount of anxiety he can credibly generate without impairing the basic assurance of a happy ending. In *Marion* the hero's path accidentally crosses that of a homicidal maniac; and Mr Bingham develops the rich possibilities of that predicament in a delightfully level tone of voice.

Mr McGivern might qualify as the poor man's Raymond Chandler. His heroes fight their lone battles against the same enormous odds, but are not fortified by quite such Messianic conviction in their pursuit of righteousness. The villains in *Night Extra*, those corrupt political bosses who infest American cities, are brought to book by a noble journalist. The formula is utterly hackneyed, yet Mr McGivern punches away as if the fate of the world was at stake.

Bunny Lake is Missing tugs at the maternal heart-strings. A tiny tot is so cunningly kidnapped in New York that the distracted mother cannot convince the police that the child ever existed. Psychiatrist to the rescue! The ghastly impotence of nightmare is brilliantly evoked, but the soppiness of Miss Piper's heroine rules out any excess of sympathy.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Only Wranglers?

Six Studies in Quarrelling. By VINCENT BROME. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

The people in Mr Brome's book are all men of letters; but only one of the 'quarrels' – that between Henry James and H. G. Wells – has anything to do with literature. We have Shaw at odds with Wells over vivisection and Fabian politics, Chesterton and Shaw fighting about religion, Coulton chasing Belloc down the corridors of medieval history; and the last dispute, Darwinian and therefore interminable, is between Belloc and Wells.

These figures are extraordinarily remote. Dr Johnson is a nearer, and clearer, polemic than the group of beefy Catholics, modernists, vege-

tarian-atheist-socialists who, merely in terms of time, are just round the corner. They are remote, but they are not boring. All of them write with a spryness which sets one pondering sadly (if irrelevantly) the decline of journeyman prose in the last twenty years. It is not sufficient to object that literary journalism was an easier trade in the days when there was more space and money than there is now. These people wrote better and knew more than the Sunday morning all-rounders who came after them; they also managed to steer a middle course between academic good manners and hooliganism in such a way as to make their wrangling both readable and decent.

Indeed I wonder whether this question of ordinary good writing really is irrelevant. It has some bearing on the dissatisfaction which the present book provokes. Why does Mr Brome write 'Wells was lucky Shaw said', when a comma after 'lucky' would put things straight? Why does he perpetrate horrors like

> The raw material of living had broken into the beautiful cocoon in which James lived, not only with the death of his brother but the knowledge, now made certain for the first time, that the great collected edition of his short stories and novels had hardly roused any interest at all –

—or like:

> Of course there were serious matters under discussion and wit therefore, dangerous, but there were now times when one hoped that Dr Coulton might relax for a moment and not take the situation quite so personally?

That last sentence is illiterate, and a great deal of Mr Brome's writing lacks the humblest sort of competence.

Wells *v.* James is not a success. Mr Brome's account comes on the heels of a much fuller treatment in *Henry James and H. G. Wells*. That is pure bad luck, but Mr Brome's whole approach is unsatisfactory in that he treats these 'quarrels' lightheartedly as gladiatorial spectacles, but at the same time hopes to keep the attention of intelligent readers by slipping in an occasional serious comment. This doesn't much matter with the trivial encounters, but it is a frustrating and slightly disagreeable procedure in the case of James and Wells, where the story is touching and the point at issue important. It can never be easy to reach a large number of readers with a serious book, even when you are a better critic and a better journalist than Mr Brome.

JOHN JONES

The Turn of the Wheel

The Great Democracies: A History of the English-Speaking Peoples, Vol. IV. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Cassell.* 30*s.*

The final volume of Sir Winston Churchill's history begins in 1815 with Britain 'unchallenged in dominion over a large portion of the globe' and ends with the death of Queen Victoria. The exhaustion of 1815 is matched almost a hundred years later by its opposite:

> It could be argued, and perhaps even proved, that the wise and normal method of modern progress, which all the Continent of Europe adopted in one form or another, was the principle of rearmament on the highest scale. Such was the vitality of the human race that it nevertheless flourished undeterred.

Though, of course, the British would have been content to 'rule alone in moderation'. The operative Churchillian word is 'rule' and whether it is written rhetorically or with irony, it is the key to the statesman or historian. He thinks of history in the graphic manner of the ruler who may or may not understand the forces that have pushed him forward but who has, inexorably, to act and is caught between principle and fortune. Sir Winston is as much a partisan of the great failure, the unlucky turn of the wheel, as of the glorious victory. He is that very British mixture – an eighteenth-century one – of the moralist and gambler. Vitality is its justification. Exaggeration, vagueness—*e.g.*, such a phrase as 'the human race'—is its nemesis.

It can be objected that a history of the English-speaking peoples does not come to its natural climax until 1914 – fourteen years after Sir Winston's conclusion, at which point the title begins for the first time to have some meaning. Until then the English-speakers are running rife and disconnected; the Empire grows by accident and acrimony; the United States becomes powerful and rich by turning its back on the rest of the world. In only one moment does it become vivid in this history: in the American Civil War. Sir Winston's rapid and brilliant account of this, generalised and particularised in his finest manner, stands out in the book. He likes a fight. His account of Jackson at United States Ford – 'the agate point on which the balances of the world turn' – is summary narration at its best, for here he has what he most relishes: the throw of the dice. Another Dumas has come to judgment. The rest is familiar British history, broad in outline and hope, sharp in irony and the drawing of character, especially the parliamentary. The proportions of gossip, journalism and the sense of government are so well adjusted, that one has the sensation of listening to some Lord Chief Justice who knows what part of a case to leave out if the practical issue is to be settled.

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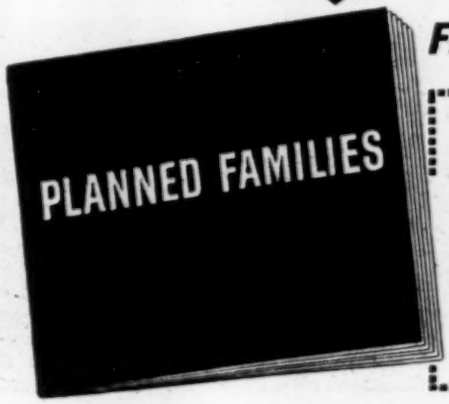

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Marx, for example, is quite right to be delighted by the Commune; all the same, he will not be delighted for long; and if the Whigs were defeated after Peterloo on the issue of constitutional liberties, they took their defeat 'with some equanimity', their position being what it was.

A parliamentary wit and tolerance pervade Sir Winston's writing. If action has its splendours and miseries, the sedentary life has its ironies, but Sir Winston is never on the side of passive scepticism. Of George IV he can write with dramatic justice: 'the loneliness of his position cast a harsh emphasis on his not unamiable weaknesses'; of the royal princes that 'they lacked not only charm but lawful issue', and that the Dukes of Clarence and Kent 'did their royal duty – for a sum. Kent made a German marriage, and retired to Gibraltar to exercise his martial talents upon the Rock. The offspring of this alliance was the future Queen Victoria'. And of her we read that Melbourne 'imparted to her much of his wisdom on men and affairs without burdening her with his scepticism'. So might have written Dr Johnson who would also have mentioned, without doubt, the fact that William IV was seen to spit from the royal coach. One cannot tell, but the absence of irony at the expense of the Labour leaders does suggest a rhetorical lack of interest. They are a new force for politicians to understand; they 'loom'; they may be even 'fateful'. The solemnity of their welcome is, in itself, perfunctory. Keir Hardie is admired – for his cloth cap. They are still, at this stage, useful noises off for the men who rule: Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, and so on. A faint note of complaint is heard, earlier on, when Sir Winston is obliged to record the fact that many historians of the eighteenth century think that there was nothing to choose between the parties and that their conflicts were merely a family affair. But they were violently in conflict, he protests. It is the thought of the personal fight that is important to him. We fought because we became, in every generation, more powerful.

The great speech of a Gladstone or a Lincoln, the decisive or brilliant act of a Jackson or a Disraeli, the characters of a Grant or a Peel, and the sense of movement such men give to history are the things that count for this historian, who combines the picturesque and the grave, the pungent and the expectant. A rhetorician, he is nevertheless prepared to accept the deflation of the events. A ruler, he understands the bad taste of power, but whether he thinks of history as anything else but ruling is another matter. His patriotism, his whole outlook is rooted in the eighteenth century in which history was a book that was finished and it remained only for men of bold personality to re-enact it, accept the well-known chances and consequences with open eyes, and pass on their way.

V. S. PRITCHETT

Lenten Fare

The Recovery of Unity. By E. L. MASCALL. *Longmans.* 25s.

This is a book for the faithful and obscurantist remnant who still believe that theology is the queen of the sciences. It is also to be recommended to those world-weary sceptics who, like Lord Melbourne, believe the subject to be an absurd, a time-wasting and a delightful intellectual exercise. Since the late Bishop of Oxford passed from us, Dr Mascall has been the best High Anglican theologian in the lists of controversy – the best being taken here to mean the pithiest, the most learned, and, above all, the one most schooled in charity. (And, incidentally, the one who writes the best prose.) Though agnostics, rightly from their point of view, will declare that his presuppositions drown the mind, no Christian of any obedience can fail to admire the wit, the generosity and the flavour of this book. It is in the direct line of that Caroline apologetic – the product of fixed principle, sound learning and a sweet temper – that was the by-word of the seventeenth century: *'Clerus Anglicanus stupor mundi!'*

Dr Mascall's subject is the reunion of Christendom and, as one can imagine, for all his comprehension and comprehensiveness, he views the subject from the Anglican standpoint and his conclusions are strictly those of his own communion. He seeks, as his publisher says, to 'cut through to the radical disunities', such as the Atonement, the nature of the Church, the Episcopacy, the Papacy, the Eucharist and the Liturgy. However the candid reader may disagree with what he says, he cannot fail to admire the temper – and the taut, unrelaxed tempo – of his dialectic. Anti-Barthians will enjoy his quiet and kindly assessment of Barthianism; high Churchmen will applaud his analysis of Professor Sykes's views on episcopacy, those who dislike the operatic Mass will relish what he has to say about the relation of Baroque to the Liturgy, and the Benedictine monk's outraged outburst against 'the patchouli-scented ineptitudes of the Stabat Mater'. Those Anglicans who look to Greek Orthodoxy as the true *via media* will find much to their disquiet. But no one, who has these or similar problems at heart, will fail to be stimulated.

JOHN RAYMOND

Autobiographies

Look Towards the Sea. By FRANK BAINES. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 21s.

Bid Time Return. By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. *Chatto & Windus.* 21s.

Dominique. By ROBERT LAXALT. *Secker & Warburg.* 16s.

Life of Many Colours. By E. M. ALMEDINGEN. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

Mr Pakington, justifying his book, remarks that there are two sorts of biography. 'In the one case the story tells what the great man has done to the world: in the other case, what the world has done to the little man.' Perhaps; but the generalisation leaves something out: the shaping power of art, which is also a way of doing something to the world. It is art that places *Look Towards the Sea* on an altogether different and higher plane than the other books here. Mr Baines tells us that his book may be placed on the shelf labelled 'autobiography', but I have no very firm conviction that he considered himself on oath as he wrote the story of his early life. Much of it, the whole family background, for instance, is very mysterious. His father, it seems, was a financier who was knighted for his services to the Allied cause during the first world war, and Mr Baines's boyhood was split, as it were, between a dingy lower middle-class flat in Clapham and a grand house ('You could get lost in the bath') and estate in Cornwall.

Trenoweth, Mr Baines writes, 'was the climax of my life and of my ambition. From Trenoweth everything has been just one long, heart-breaking miserable, pitiful and sometimes degrading recession'. I don't recall having read a more magnificent evocation of dotty Cornwall than Mr Baines's. Cornwall is perfect material for his un-

common sensibility to work on; indeed it seems at times a projection of his sensibility. It is a paranoiac sensibility, which expresses itself, for Mr Baines has himself completely taped, in a sort of comic surrealism. If Mr Baines had written *The Turn of the Screw* – and that is the kind of world he seems naturally to inhabit – it would still have been chilling but it would also have been a funny story. He has resources of language and style that match his sensibility, and his book contains splendid passages of remarkably odd comedy; a narration of a shipwreck, for example, and the efforts of the local lifeboat to rescue its passengers and crew; a description of the precautions necessary to be taken at a Cornish garden party to protect rare tropical plants from plant-mad guests; an account of the author's attempts, as an Oundle boy running away to sea, to force his way past the ogreish posters at Tilbury station at midnight. Mr Baines is an original, and I am looking forward to reading more of him.

Mr Pakington is not an original. His book is the very agreeable record of the career of an English gentleman who has done the state some service in a variety of ways. Coming of a long line of Worcestershire landowners – it is plain he thinks Heaven will be no improvement on Worcestershire – Mr Pakington was bred to the Royal Navy, which he left after the first world war in order to become an architect. He has been President of the Architectural Association and is the author of a number of extremely pleasant novels. In 1939, he went back to the Navy and planned the disposition of Atlantic convoy escorts throughout the war. His book contains some very nice stories: when Mr Churchill, as First Lord, visited Plymouth, the programme was delayed an hour because 'the First Lord's teeth had gone on in the train to Penzance'.

What impresses in Mr Pakington's book is the author's open-mindedness, his disinterestedness. He is modest and he has had a happy life; but he is not complacent. Concern for social justice led him to join the Labour Party in the Twenties, and there is a readiness to accept the present and look forward to the future that is reminiscent of L. E. Jones. Indeed, this relation of an honourable and enviable life should be a natural for readers who have enjoyed Sir Lawrence's books.

Dominique is a piece of Americana which I wish I could praise unreservedly. Apart from providing facilities for easy divorce and round-the-clock gambling, the sparsely populated state of Nevada largely devotes itself to the raising of enormous flocks of sheep. The shepherds are very often Basques, and the implied contrast between the simplicity and traditionalism of Basque life in France and Spain and what is called the American way of life is Mr Laxholt's theme. His father, the Dominique of the title, was a Basque shepherd in Nevada, and the book is a loving account of the old man and a description of a visit father and son made together to the family home in the Pyrenees. Its interest lies in the picture it gives of an unfamiliar corner of the United States. It should be more than this; it should be what the publisher's blurb says it is. That it is not is due to the author's style. Seeking simplicity, he falls into the false simplicity that Arnold called *simplesse*, in this instance the *simplesse* of the American journalist and copywriter.

Life of Many Colours is, like *Dominique*, a work of piety. Miss Almedingen tells the life-story of her grandmother Ellen reconstructed in part from family papers. It ought to be fascinating. Ellen Southee, a farmer's daughter, was born in Kent in 1819, lived in Paris with her father as a young woman, married a Russian nobleman and scholar and spent years in Russia, went into exile with her husband, survived the Siege of Paris and the Commune, and died at the age of 89 in Rome. Wonderful material, but in the resulting book how lifeless! The publishers observe that the account of Ellen's career as mistress of a vast estate in Russia must remind us of similar accounts of great households in Tolstoy and Turgenev. True; and it is one's memories of Tolstoy and Turgenev that supply the vividness to Miss Almedingen's writing. If it weren't for the memories of the great novelists it evokes, this book would seem very thin indeed.

WALTER ALLEN

History Without Passion

English Historical Documents, Vol. X, 1714-1783. Edited by D. B. HORN and MARY RANSOME. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 95*s.*

This massive volume of almost 1,000 pages is the latest addition to the twelve-volume series of English historical documents. It is a useful book which will be particularly helpful to teachers of all kinds. It contains a large number of official documents, an anthology of contemporary comments on politics and society, and a collection of neatly tabulated bibliographies. It is possible for a student or even for a general reader to glean from its pages some idea of the mood, the preoccupations and the problems of Englishmen living in the eighteenth century. Traditionally, as

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the authors say, the years from 1714 to 1783 have been regarded as 'a rather dull interlude between the romantic, epoch-making struggles of the seventeenth century and the tremendous moral and material progress which the Victorians prided themselves had been accomplished in their own age'. It is not difficult to illustrate from contemporary materials the inadequacy of this judgment. Behind the superficial stability, important changes were taking place – many of them still require detailed study – and eventually the logic of 'improvement' was to lead to unanticipated contradictions, to new controversies and to comprehensive reforms. Neither the constitutional historian of the nineteenth century nor the economic historian of the industrial revolution can neglect the years covered in this volume. There are few interludes in history, and dullness is usually in the eyes of the beholder.

So too is passion. It would be difficult to tell from this measured volume that historians not only argue about the eighteenth century but feel strongly about their arguments. It does not need violent change or sense of catastrophe to stimulate historians' feelings of involvement. The unique contribution of Sir Lewis Namier to an understanding of eighteenth-century social and political structure is buried in these 1,000 pages. Only one political document is selected from the years 1758-63. The Newcastle Papers – 522 volumes of them – provide one document, published by Lodge in 1930. The 'legends' of the Constitution which stirred or shocked contemporaries are imperfectly brought out in the three extracts from Blackstone, de Lolme and David Hume. Junius is unrepresented, and the choice of radical literature is rather tame. One legend-maker, however, is over-represented. Arthur Young dominates the section on agriculture, and the whole implicit interpretation of the 'agrarian revolution', in the editorial comments of this book as much as in the extracts, is beginning to dissatisfy and disturb economic historians and to embolden them to seek new synthesis. Passions may be soon stirred about that also. It is not by the assembly of documents but by the confrontation of opinions that historical scholarship advances. Professor Horn and Miss Ransome have performed a useful task, but in many parts of their book they are necessarily skimming the surface of the eighteenth century. The deeper historians go, the more they will have to depend on documents not represented in this book.

There is one particular feature of an age on which the compilers of books of documents could profitably spend more time – the examination of the changing social and political vocabulary. The term 'middle class' figures frequently in the editorial comments in this volume: it was not used, however, by people living at the time. The language of 'stations' or 'ranks' was shared by many of the writers quoted in this volume: it would have been interesting to have had two or three documents illustrating developments in social terminology after Defoe. One political document is selected to show how serious a view was taken of the wickedness of 'faction', but it would have been helpful to have had more about 'connexion', 'interest' and 'party'. General terms like 'improvement', 'reformation' or 'the spirit of the age' recur in very varied contexts. Can we not learn as much from the language and style of an age as from many of the formal arguments contemporaries advanced? Certainly Leslie Stephen thought so when he wrote his *English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century*, a book which I cannot find in Professor Horn and Miss Ransome's bibliographies. It is remarkable how many of the aspects of the age were touched upon in treatises like Isaac Ware's *Complete Body of Architecture* (1756) from which they have chosen an excellent extract, which might indeed serve as a motto for the whole documentary history series. The builder, Ware said, must 'remember that there is such a thing as truth . . . and establish it as a maxim in his own mind, that proportion and regularity are real sources of beauty, and always of convenience'.

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The king to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no argument but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs allow no force but argument.

Report

It was certainly a colourful entry with every shade of red competing with dark and light blue. Both Universities had their champions. John Iliffe, for instance, suggested that—

To Oxford Krushchev went with great aplomb—
For Oxford's lost its head about the Bomb.

—while R. A. McKenzie saw Oxonians—

Preferring their St Giles cartoons to Vicky.

At my final assessment I discarded – but commend – verses by H. D. Wakely, Russell Edwards, Vera Telfer, Livingstone K. Bluntmore, Archibald Robertson and Pug. And so, assuring R. M. Anthony that Red Setter, while unbiased, owes allegiance to Oxford, I suggest awards of a guinea each to A. M. Sayers, H. Hardman and R. W. Rawlings. Half a guinea apiece to the others printed.

Oxford, whose taste for novelty is slight,
Accepts the status quo and thinks it right;
But Cambridge, showing various tones of pink,
Reads the *NS* and thinks it right to think.
A. M. SAYERS

Backwater Oxford, flotsam out of date,
Newman and Rome, and Kingsley's hymns of hate—
Cambridge, the mainstream where the future swims,
Freud, the NEW STATESMAN, Kingsley's hate of hymns.
H. HARDMAN

Perhaps at Oxford with its classic bent,
The marks of politics scarce leave a dent,
Whereas at Cambridge where cold science rules,
The politics of Marx invade the schools.
R. W. RAWLINGS

NEW STATESMAN suits the Cambridge turn of mind
Which longs to leave the bad old times behind;
But Oxford with a lazier notion chimes,
And sleeps complacently behind *The Times*.
ALLAN M. LAING

NEW STATESMAN fans at Oxford are but few,
They have no statesmen, though they have a New;
At Cambridge, I am told, the number's great.
They have no New, but many men of state.
A. Y. HOLMES

Fledgeling new statesmen of the fenny east
Relish their weekly intellectual feast;
Strange, how the others' appetite has flown—
Is Oxford's culture crumbling with its stone?
STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Few copies serve at Oxford to instil
In willing minds the Labour Party's will;
More liberal numbers mark the high ambition
Of Cambridge men to win the Competition.
E. J. MILLER

City Lights

Grandma's Rate for the Job

Half a dozen London dailies carry a City column; three, on the Thursday when Bank Rate was reduced to 6 per cent., spent most of their space discussing the likelihood of a reduction. A leak? Hardly: the *Express* was one of the three. The City has been expecting a cut in Bank Rate for some time past, and each Wednesday – in the bars and coffee-houses – the odds have been carefully run over. Last week they looked more attractive than usual – US discount rates had come down further, sterling was strong, the gilt-edged market was under control, and Grandma had just given the discount market an unexpected rap on the knuckles. It was certainly something to fill a column with on a day when news was scarce.

It is more difficult to fill a column with the results of the cut: the effect on stock markets has so far been as trifling as the Treasury can

have hoped. Prices were marked up at once, but there was little rush to buy and many of them have slipped back again. The Bank of England announced that the cut implied no general relaxation in monetary policy, the Chancellor declared that it was not a green light for expansion: the City assumed that it was made only because there was no point in enduring the disadvantages of a crisis rate any longer than pressure on sterling made necessary. Things, in fact, are much the same at 6 per cent. as they were at 7 per cent. The Treasury bill rate will probably fall further. Short and medium-dated gilt-edged stocks will probably appreciate gradually, though nobody is quite sure what the Treasury means to do about long-term interest rates. Industrial markets are more interested in the Budget than in Bank Rate, and more interested still in the course of the American recession.

* * *

Cigarette sales are still rising. Last year more than 100,000m. were sold – the largest number since the war. Eyebrows were raised, therefore, when Imperial Tobacco – whose brands account for some 70 per cent. of total sales – announced that it had again sold rather less, had suffered a 7½ per cent. drop in profits, and proposed to reduce its dividend. What had happened? The market assumed that Senior Service was still doing well at the expense of Players and that Imperial Tobacco's loss would turn out to have been Gallaher's gain. It was. Gallaher's trading profit jumped by 30 per cent. last year, having trebled in four years.

* * *

Uncertainty is the devil. If only the City knew on what terms the steel industry was to be nationalised, it would be able to set some value on steel shares. In fact, it can only assume the undefined worst, and the market in steel shares is one for sellers only. It seemed unlikely, therefore, that South Durham Steel's £8m. issue of convertible debenture stock would be a roaring success. The public in the end subscribed for only 7½ per cent. of the issue, the rest being left in the hands of reluctant underwriters. The market price of the new stock has since drifted steadily downwards. If any other steel company needs fresh capital before the election, it will have to go outside the stock market in the effort to find it.

The tax advantages of becoming an Overseas Trade Corporation can be considerable, but you may have to rearrange your business a little to qualify for them. Take overseas mining companies, for example: selling their output in the London market does not bar them from becoming an OTC, but refining it in London does. A number of companies have already grasped the point and changed their arrangements. Three Ghana gold-mining companies, however, have been unlucky. Their meetings are next week, they have informed shareholders that they expected to qualify as OTCs as from April 1957, and one is even proposing to increase its dividend from a tax provision it assumed would no longer be needed: the Inland Revenue has now informed them that they must rearrange their affairs before qualifying. It seems odd that they should not have thought of doing so before.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 437. A Battle of Nerves

To see two grandmasters (both of them barely out of their 'teens) slogging it out in the final round of the USSR championship; to see thousands watching them in Riga's biggest hall and further thousands crowding the street, and to think of the millions hanging on with bated breath for every move to be broadcast and televised—why, it reads like a thriller and it makes one feel that chess can offer a spectacle every whit as exciting as motor-racing or boxing. It happened only a few weeks ago, and the dramatic tension was heightened by the fact that Mikhail Tal was not merely the reigning champion but a local boy and, indeed, Riga's hero. Moreover, after an indifferent start in the tournament he had pulled up magnificently and was leading the field with Petrosjan at 11½ points each. Would he pull it off and win the title once again? His last-round opponent was Spassky who had 10½ points, just like Awerbach who had to play Petrosjan; and what with intrepid Bronstein in between with 11 points, anything might have happened. There might have even been a quintuple tie for first honours which would have meant one odd man out of the four qualifying for the great world-title preliminaries in Yugoslavia next August. But by drawing against Awerbach fairly soon Petrosjan made sure of his place among the four qualifiers; and when Bronstein also drew he looked like coming into a triple-tie for 3rd in the (not unlikely) case of Tal losing against Spassky, whereas in case of a draw (the best that Tal would seem to hope for) he would share 1st honours with Petrosjan while Spassky would share 4th and 5th with Awerbach. But let's see.

(1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; (4) P-QR3, B x Kt ch; (5) P x B, P-B4; (6) P-K3, Kt-B3; (7) B-Q3, P-K4!; (8) Kt-K2, P-K5; (9) B-Kt1, P-QKt3; (10) Kt-Kt3, B-R3; (11) P-B3, B x B; (12) Kt-B5, O-O; (13) Kt-Q6, B-Q6!; (14) B x B, P x B; (15) Q x P, P x P; (16) BP x P, Kt-K1; (17) Kt-B5, P-Q4; (18) P-QR4, Kt-Q3; (19) Kt x Kt, Q x Kt; (20) B-R3, Kt-Kt5; (21) Q-Kt3 P-QR4; (22) O-O, KR-B1; (23) QR-B1, Q-K3; (24) B x Kt, P x B; (25) K-B2, Q-Q3; (26) P-R3, K-B1; (27) R-B2, R x R; (28) Q x R, P-Kt3; (29) R-B1, Q-Q2; (30) Q-B6, Q x Q; (31) R x Q, R-R3; (32) P-R5!, P-Kt6!; (33) P x P, P-Kt7; (34) P-Kt7, P—Q (35) R-B8 ch, K-Kt2; (36) P=Q, R-R7 ch; (37) K-Kt3, Q-R8 ch; (38) K-R2, Q x P (39) R-Kt8 ch, K-B3; (40) Q-Q6 ch, Q-K3; (41) Q-B4 ch, Q-B4; (42) Q-Q6 ch, Q-K3; (43) Q-Kt3, Q-K6; (44) P-R4, R-K7; (45) Q-Q6 ch, Q-K3; (46) Q-B4 ch.

That was Spassky's sealed move. Analysing almost all night (and with most of Riga sleeplessly worrying about the local hero) Tal made sure of the draw and offered it repeatedly. But Spassky was so determined to win that he finally managed to lose.

. . . Q-B4; (47) Q-R6, K-K2; (48) Q-B8 ch, K-B3; (49) Q-Kt7 ch, K-K2; (50) R-QR8, Q-Q7!; (51) Q-B8 ch (Q x P?), K-B3; (52) R-R6 ch, R-K3; (53) Q-R8 ch, K-K2; (54) R-R8, R-K8; (55) K-Kt3, P-R4; (56) K-B2, R-K3; (57) R-QB8, R-Q3; (58) Q-B8 ch, K-B3; (59) R-K8, R-K3; (60) Q-R8 ch, K-B4; (61) Q-R6, K-B3!; (62) Q-R8 ch, K-B4; (63) R-Q8, Q-B3; (64) R-QB8?, Q-R3!; (65) K-Kt3, Q-Q3 ch; (66) K-R3, R-K8; (67) P-Kt3, R-KKt8, (68) P-B4, R-K8; (69) R-B2 Q-K3; (70) R-KB2, R-R8 ch; (71) K-Kt2, Q-K5 ch; (72) R-B3, R-Kt5; (73) Q-B8 ch, P-B4; (74) resigns.

A: B. Spassky 1949

B: T. B. Gorgiev 1928

C: H. Gininger 1930

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position forced by White. (Spassky was 12 when he landed that coup.) **B** for 6 ladder-points is a pretty win, **C** (for 7) a draw. Helpful hint: stalemate! Usual prizes. Entries by 8 April.

REPORT on No. 434. Set 8 March

A: (1) Q-K4, Kt x QP; (2) Q x Q, Kt x Kt!!; (3) K-B1, Kt-B7 ch; (4) B-B1!, R x B ch; (5) K-K2, Kt-Q5 ch; (6) K-Q2, Kt-Kt6 ch! etc.

B: (1) R-QR1, R x R; (2) R-KR4, Kt-B2; (3) R-R8 ch, Kt x R; (4) P x P etc.

C: (1) Kt-Q7, B-B2!; (2) Kt-B8, B-K4; (3) K-Kt4!, B-Kt7!; (4) B-B5!!, B-Q5; (5) P-Kt7!, B x P; (6) B-K3 mate.

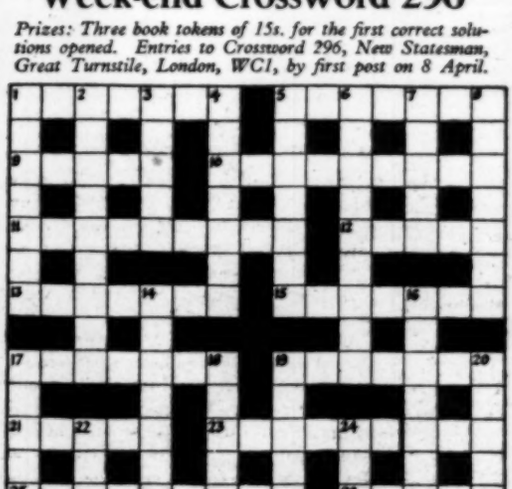
(1) . . . B-B5 would be defeated by K-Kt4-B5.

Many missed some of the subtleties of **A** and/or **C**. Prizes: C. Allen, I. Avinery, M. P. Furmston, J. R. Harman.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 296

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 296, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 8 April.



ACROSS

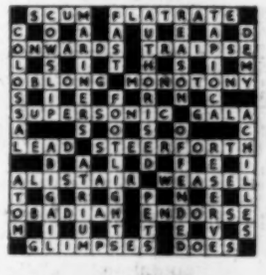
1. Caught in a demand for applause (7).
5. The town was first robbed (7).
9. Mountains set in perfect rural surroundings (5).
10. Something to eat is reduced to powder by a little piece of coal (9).
11. They light up the main changes among actors (9).
12. Age caught in the return of confidence (5).
13. A cigar makes a fellow sick at first (7).
15. Hurried round the edge and skidded (7).
17. He holds an inquiry, discovering nothing in a confined space (7).
19. A famous line consists in not following wise men (7).
21. 'Condemn the fault and not the ——— of it' (*Measure for Measure*) (5).
23. Peak currency regulation (6, 3).
25. It is most odd how the tent is camouflaged with grass (9).
26. The one who gives the medicine goes so red when confused (5).
27. A bob off the wages would reduce them to extremities (7).
28. Shopping places which dissipate the scare about the advertisement (7).

DOWN

1. Cave for a gloomy morning (7).
2. No claim re shift worker (9).
3. The crime of a clergyman who loses his head (5).
4. A fellow appears in a degree colour (7).
5. Garments with internal parasite (7).
6. Submitting a translation (9).
7. Language which takes fifty in turn (5).
8. Abandoned, a number had an uneasy sensation (7).
14. No angel in translation involving Greek, but capable of going far (9).
16. A writer with reforming ideals is put at a disadvantage (9).
17. Forms for far too many girls? (7).
18. Not the blonde for a communist leader (7).
19. I fired in a rising shot for the troops (7).
20. In the direction of the fighting in the bushes (7).
22. Parts of feet which get twisted in a stair (5).
24. Means of detection which carries weight with rising sleuths (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 294



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 294

Rev. C. H. Owen (Isles of Scilly), Margaret McNally (Bishopbriggs), P. J. Cassidy (London, E5)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE
EDUCATION COMMITTEE
APPOINTMENT OF PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT

Applications are invited from men and women with a good Honours Degree and teaching experience for the post of PROFESSIONAL ASSISTANT which has become vacant on the promotion of the existing Assistant. The person appointed will need to have a keen interest in educational administration and development. Administrative experience is desirable but not essential. In the first instance the Assistant will be concerned mainly with secondary education. The salary will be within the range £1,180-£1,380, together with appropriate car and subsistence allowance.

Applications (no forms issued), giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should reach me within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

V. CLARK,
Chief Education Officer.

County Hall,
BEVERLEY.

CENTRAL ELECTRICITY
GENERATING BOARD

require an ASSISTANT TUTOR at their Residential Training Establishment, Buxton, Derbyshire. This establishment provides short courses in industrial relations, foremanship, instruction, boiler and turbine house practice. Applicants should preferably have some knowledge of one or more of the subjects and experience of modern techniques in industrial training. Further training can be given to suitable candidates with an appropriate background. Residential accommodation for a single man, for which a charge will be made. Salary £945-£1,020 p.a. Applications, stating age, present position, details of qualifications and salary, should be forwarded to S. S. Scott, Personnel Officer, 24-30 Holborn, London, EC1, by 9 April. Envelopes should be marked 'Confidential', quoting reference NS/92.

ASSISTANT LECTURER IN GENERAL STUDIES

required for October. University degree in PPE, Moral Sciences or Social Sciences, with specialised interest in Philosophy. Previous teaching experience desirable. Salary initally on scale £720 × £40 to £1,000. Pension scheme.

Further particulars and application form from

The Registrar, Royal College of Art,
Exhibition Road, London, SW7.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Anthropology. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications should be sent, not later than 12 April, 1958, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Deputy Head and Senior Mistress. Applications invited from qualified teachers for appointment to Council's service (if not already in permanent service) and assignment to following school. Collingwood School, York Grove, SE15. Headmistress: Miss D. E. Davies. (For about 1,100 girls, to be formed in September by amalgamation of Collingwood and Credon Girls' Schools in two buildings; five and six year courses including 'O' level and commerce.) Burnham (London) Scale salary; allowances in brackets subject to approval of Council on appointment. September (1) Deputy Head Mistress (£400); (2) Senior Mistress (£350 Grade D). Candidates should have organising experience and interest in whole field of secondary education and should state whether they are applying for either or both posts. Form EO/TS10(SR) from and returnable to Divisional Officer, 83 Peckham Rd, SE5, within two weeks. (528.)

ROSH Pinah Jewish Primary School, Mowbray Road, Edgware. Certificated teacher required for Infants' Department. Happy atmosphere in airy, newly decorated buildings. Small Classes. Burnham Scale (London). Superannuation scheme in operation. Apply in writing to the Secretary at the School.

HAMPSTEAD. The Town and Country School, 38 Eton Avenue, NW3. Thoroughly experienced Mistress (pref. Froebel) for Junior school, wanted in May or Sept.

YOUTH Work. Field Organiser for Glasgow area, woman, full time. Specialised knowledge of at least one branch; some experience work in mixed clubs. Salary in region of £500. Applications giving details of exper., qualifics, skills, etc. Box 9040.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Applications invited from men or women with suitable qualifications & experience as Warden of Heatham House Youth Centre, Twickenham. Centre for cultural & recreational activities, with membership of 300-400 drawn from Youth organisations. Salary APT I, £575 to £725 p.a., plus London Weighting, commencing salary to be determined having regard to exper. & quals. Established. 44-hr wk including evening & weekend work. One full day p. wk free. Prescribed conditions. Application forms & further particulars from Borough Education Officer, 69 The Green, Twickenham, Middlesex, returnable by 9 April. (Quote X.182 NSN) Canvassing disqualifies.

CHILD Welfare Officers. L.C.C. requires qualified persons for engagement as child welfare officers. Duties incl. receiving into care, rehabilitation, boarding-out adoption and other field work as associated with deprived children. Candidates should have had previous expce in child care, or allied social work, and, preferably, should be academically qualified (e.g., degree or diploma in Social Science. Scale £630-£927 10s. Starting salary in accdce with qualifs and expce. Application forms and further details from Children's Officer (CH/E1/474), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 30 April.

MARRIED couple reqd at Langley House Reception Home, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties incl. observation and assessment. Salaries: Housefather £505 to £577 10s.; Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s. each plus £18 10s. p.a. for Home Office Cert., less charge for board, etc. Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/383), L.C.C. County Hall, SE1.

THE Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust is opening in York a new centre for mothers with their children involved in a charge of child neglect. It is hoped to develop a training programme based on the experience at Spofforth Hall but with emphasis on case work and group therapy. A Warden (woman) is required for the home, which is likely to open within the next few weeks. Training and experience in social case work essential. Applications to Hon. Secretary, Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

SCIENTIFIC Writing. Two interesting openings arise at Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd, for an Editorial Assistant and a young Writer. A good education with a scientific foundation including biology or allied subjects and a live interest in current progress is essential. The Company is continually broadening its research activities which cover medical and other developments of such products as antibiotics, cortisone, vaccines and vitamins for home and overseas use. The post of Editorial Assistant embraces both writing and editing and requires proved literary ability. The post of Writer provides an opportunity to develop scientific writing as a career. Commencing salaries will be fitted to qualifications and experience and will be progressive. Conditions of service are attractive and include a pension scheme and the opportunity to participate in the Company's profitability. Applications, which should be accompanied if possible by specimens of written material, should be addressed to the Personnel Officer, Glaxo Laboratories, Ltd., Greenford, Middlesex.

INTELLIGENT woman wanted for part-time work—3 or more days a week. Graduate in political science or history preferred. Experience of research and/or library work desirable. Applications in writing, stating experience, qualifics etc., to Box 9066.

PUBLICITY Department of Decca Records requires (a) intelligent young woman with knowledge all types music & records, good English, ability to work unsupervised with minute accuracy, typing, shorthand useful; (b) intelligent young woman for general office work with accurate typing & interest music & records. Hours: 9.30-6 Mon.-Fri. Staff restaurant. Write full details & salary expected to Room 611b, Decca House, Albert Embankment, SE11.

A WORTH-while job for competent Shorthand-Typist in small friendly office. 5-day week, 9-5, £9 p.w. Optional pensions fund. Experience in social work or publications an advantage. Apply to Office Secretary, National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke Street, W1.

TRAVEL Agency, West End, require young man, age 19-21, for postal duties and messages to Consulates, etc. Hours 9.30-5.30 and alternate Saturdays 9.30-12.30. Two weeks holiday this year. Starting salary £8. Write Box 9301.

BOOK-Keeper/School Secretary required for well-known progressive school 160 pupils. North West London. £12 p.w. Write fully age, experience, qualifications, Box 9272.

SECRETARY/shorthand typist, experienced, wanted permanently. Hours 9.30-5. No Saturdays. Box 9189.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Pool) required for Westminster District. Aged 21 years or over. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £9 14s. rising to £10 4s per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 8953.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ASSISTANT General Secretary wanted for professional trades union. Administrative or organisational experience essential. Salary, dependent on experience, rising to £1,500. Superannuated. Apply Box 9214.

TRAVEL Service, South Kensington, requires additional staff: sh./typists with good speeds, tel. reception clerk, pt.-time messenger and intelligent junior. Box 9311.

WOMAN editor of national weekly magazine requires a fully qualified secretary with good previous experience, preferably in allied work. Write giving details to Box 9198.

SECRETARY with languages required to assist Director of Overseas Company of Film Advertising group. French and German essential. Spanish/Italian useful. Interesting position for capable woman (25-35 years) with good shorthand-typing and sound business experience. Box 9317.

SECRETARY/Personal Assistant required. Previous experience with architects valuable. Shorthand necessary but self-reliant personality, able to write own letter and make decisions essential. Tel. for appointment SLO 8140, Primavera, 149 Sloane St, SW1.

SECRETARY with experience, initiative and quick speeds required for international Jewish organisation. Second language an advantage. Good salary, interesting post for right person. Please write full detls Box 9207.

EXPERIENCED shorthand-typist for varied secretarial duties in overseas government office, Belgravia. Sound education essential, knowledge of economics or history useful. Write particulars. Box 9239.

TRANSLATOR/Sh. Typist. English/German required. Commencing salary £8 10s. p.w. plus £1 16s. cost of living allowance. Write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, SE1.

EDUCATED Women with sound experience are offered first-rate posts as Secretaries or P.As to men in the professions, politics and commerce. Good shorthand and typing are essential. Starting salaries to £600. The St Stephen's Secretariat, 3-4 Lincoln's Inn Fields, WC2; 2 Broad Street Place, EC2; 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

REQUIRED, resident hostess-secretary for a small international students' home with Club activities. Knowledge of Russian desirable. Apply Box 9305.

ASSISTANTS with some knowledge of crafts required for new handicrafts showroom. Congenial surroundings and good prospects. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

PLEASANT permanent accommodation in exch. for services as housekeeper and cook for widower and cat. Husband & child welc. Other help; gdn. W. Lon. Box 9263.

TRY the Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. 'Phone REG. 7571.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TOP quality, senior Sales or Marketing Executive desires change to go-ahead business. Mature experience and excellent records of pre-war and post-war success in both capital goods and consumer markets. University degrees and sound experience of intelligent production planning and financial control; accustomed to handling industrial design, advertising, public relations. Prefers to join company with technical background, but ready to consider any suggestion from business able and willing to utilise courageous initiative in difficult time approaching. Write Box 9274.

TRILINGUAL Sec. (Engl./French/German) sks post which will use her languages and capacity to carry responsibility, pref. consonant with exp. in news, public relations, internat. organisations. Age 26. Box 9316.

RARA Avis, synonym Secretary Bird, efficient, to help our harassed clients suffering from holiday staff deprivations. Contact Sybil Topham, Dutton's Secretarial Service, Ltd, 92 Gt Russell Street, London, WC1. MUSeum 7379.

SEC. S/typist. Yng widow, 4-yr-old son, wishes empl. Poss. live in or flat. Spec. in med. work. Fluent German. Box 9221.

STUDENTSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above studentships and grants, tenable for one year in the first instance and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400 per annum. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University, and applications are acceptable from students who expect to graduate this summer. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July, 1958 to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting. Five annual Entrance Scholarships and an Exhibition available in May for men and women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to the Secretary, Byam Shaw School, 70 Campden Street, Kensington, W8, before the end of March.

WHERE TO STAY

SUSSEX. Glyndebourne Visitors and others welc. 18th century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Comf. rooms, brkfst. Tel. 1773.

DEVON. Pentagon Guest House, Stoke Fleming, Dartmouth. In delightful grounds, glorious scenery. Nr Blackpool Sands, gd, food, comf. H. & C. bedrooms. Own garden produce, poultry. Vacancies Sept. Misses Watkins. Tel. Stokefleming 231.

COTTAGE on Cumb. Fells. Mod. cons, comf., peace. Hol. guests welc. Box 8755.

LAKES. Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam. 'Phone 211. 12 miles Eastbourne. Own produce. Everything home-made. From 6 gns.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw Llanwrst 166.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms, 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge. 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. htg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

BLENCATHRA, Kingsdown, nr. Deal by golf link & sea, offers relaxation & excel. food; Easter 25s. p. day. Kingsdown 225.

PEACE, comfort, good food, small Quaker 17th Century Guest House, large garden. Blue Idol, Coolham, Horsham, Sussex.

IS there a parent in the house? You have our sympathy and understanding, and you should have our brochure. Bairnscroft Hotel, First Drive, Teignmouth, S. Devon. Telephone 1030. Exclusively for parents with babies and small children.

CENTRAL Highlands cottage. Hol. guests welcome; simple comfort, £5, all meals. Trains met. Donellan, Foss, By Pitlochry.

SOUTH West Wales. Carmarthen Bay. Homely accommodation in country house near Pendine. Beautiful coastal scenery and interesting district. Terms 7 gns. Broadway Mansion, Laugharne, Carms. Laugharne 25.

COTE d'Azur. Typical Provençal hotel. Beautiful, quiet site above sandy beach. Modern comforts. 1st-class cuisine. Casino dancing. Reduced rates up to end off June. Illus. brochure: Ermitage, Bandol (Var.).

PAU region; 2 rooms, shower, kit., garden, May/June. Mod. terms. Mme Blancy, Boeil-Benzing, B.P., France.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ICE Men speaketh nuclear arms drive; 'Labour Research', 9d (11s p.a.). 2 Soho Sq., W1.

ECONOMIC Showdown (R. Palme Dutt); The Miners: A Re-appraisal (J. R. A. Machen, Yorkshire Projectent); North Africa Shakes France (D. Buckle); Indonesia: The War Plot (J. Woddis), etc., in 'Labour Monthly', 1s. 8d. or 9s. ½-yrly, post-free from NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

H-BOMB? For sheer commonsense in world affairs read 'Defence and the English-Speaking Role' by Sir Norman Angell. Cloth 10s 6d. Paper 3s 6d. Pall Mall Press Ltd.

FRANCE'S Bravest Weekly: France-Observateur. Year: £2 12s, ½-yr. £1 8s. Cheques 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

CROSSMAN cries for it: Business background of MPs, ed by Andrew Roth; 900 past and present directorships held by MPs listed and classified; 10s to Parliamentary Profile Services, Ltd, 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

HOMOSEXUALITY. 'Judge Not', Aymer Roberts' serious autobiographical study. Observer Book of the Year. 16s. Booksellers or Linden Press, 20 Took's Court, EC4.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a., 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

GERMAN books bought & sold. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., NW8. MAI. 3030.

WORLD affairs, economics, socialism, Russia, communism: books/pamps bought. The Hammersmith Bkshp, W6. RIV. 6807.

HOLIDAYS Abroad? Maps, guides & 'Interpret' Holiday Language Courses from Barmerlea Book Sales Ltd, 10 Bayley St, WC1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner. AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

PERSONAL

FRENCH Artist couple with two children wish exchange large Paris studio flat near Montparnasse, July/August for house coast/country. Photo if possible: Mrs St George, 364 Park West, London, W2.

COTTAGE (sleeps 4-6), secluded in Kentish woods, ideal hermits, children, free 6-16 April and 12 July-5 Aug., either 3-4 gns. or some help fruit farm. Box 9300.

ITALIAN girl sks this summer accom. 'au pair' with cheerful yng family living in Dublin or Edinburgh. Capasso, 10 Via Varrone, Milan.

NEW villa to let Italian Riviera. Phone FINchley 0817.

14 Cranz Grove, London, N7. S/c flat for 2. Exchange accom. Paris, Brussels.

LADY with centrally-heated sea-front flat Hove can accommodate lady p.g. B. & b. or full board. 10 gns. p.w. Box 9215.

MEXICO Health Resort. Tuition boy of 6 in return keep. WEL. 2397.

HOLIDAY exch. House in Dunoon for one on English or Welsh coast. 3 weeks from 19 July. Box 9205.

BALKANS, USSR summer tour. Women's Peace Caravan meet Sunday, 30 March, 5 p.m. PRI. 4068 or s.a.e. Box 9303.

JUNIOR Holiday Painting/Social Groups. Baily, 253 Lanark Rd, W9. MAI. 8565.

GROUP exchanges Germany (South) and also p.g. accom. for Austrian boys or girls ages 14-20. Applic. urgently invited from families London/Home Counties. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Road, SW7.

GERMAN students (aged 15-26) would like en famille accom. as p.g.s, two weeks or more. Box 9121.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

FRENCH conversation. Courses for Beginners. Discussion groups. Private lessons. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. TRAfalgar 2044.

CULTURED accent; correct speech, private lessons (1 hr 10s. 6d.). Box 9000.

GIRL, 28, seeks similar for Continental tour. Box 9195.

CARTOONIST requires gag-writer. Box 9041.

SMALL, informal parties are now being arranged for members to meet one another at theatres, cinemas, dances, art exhibitions, music circles, At Homes, etc. Send s.a.e. for particulars and programme to The Companions Club, 11c Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St, London, W1.

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IF you have oil firing, it will pay to obtain our bulk oil prices, and 12-hour service. Box 8893.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

TALENTED Playwrights consult S. Guest Associates, 12 Hanover St, W1.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair', Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. Ken. 1586.

LYRICS, sketches and bloodcurdling one-act plays required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI. 4132.

SOCIETY—Can it be improved? Contribute your ideas to group meetings and conferences of the Progressive League. Write Secretary (E), 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

WRITERS' Guild (International Writers' Fellowship), founded 1939 to assist the New Author, Agency, Expert Tuition and Revisions. Raymond Buxton, Guild House, Upton Bishop, Ross-on-Wye.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, SW7. KENsington 8042.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept. C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

PERSONAL—continued

ALBERT Schweitzer book prize. An award of DM20,000 (German Marks) is offered by Kindler Verlag in Munich, Germany for the fourth time in succession. This award will be divided in two parts DM10,000 will be awarded to any author, German or Foreign for a literary work which has so far not been published, the spirit of which is similar to the ideals of Albert Schweitzer. The other DM10,000 will be offered as a reward to those authors who will accept the challenge of creating a literary work on subjects proposed by the publishers. Every author can participate – irrespective of nationality – providing the manuscript offered has not been published in any newspaper, periodical or any other publication and has not been accepted for publication by another German publisher. Foreign authors wishing to participate may submit manuscripts which have already been published in their own language in their own country but of which no German translation is as yet in existence. All further details are obtainable from Kindler Verlag, Harthauser Strasse 50, Munich 9, Germany.

ONLY 1,000 people were at the St. Pancras Town Hall when Paul Robeson gave his historic transatlantic concert! But everyone can buy the record on Topic 10 T 17. From dealers or Topic, 17 Bishops Bridge Road, London, W2.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon; send a card for new handlist of courses & holiday schools, Mar.-Sept. 1958.

INFORMAL music/lit./gen. discussion grp. Mrs. Dunn, HAM. 8109 evgs/wkends.

TEENAGER can have delightful holiday in France during August, welcoming French boy from good family in exchange July or Sept. Details: Robertson E.T.S., 61 Fellows Road, London, NW3.

HOME & Montessori School (Country). Children 3-7. Limited number. Happy family. Long/sht periods. Quald teacher, Randell, White House, Isfield, Uckfield, Sx.

'EN Famille' Holidays in Austria, France, Germany, etc. Why not let us make individual arrangements for you to enjoy the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family or join one of the special Groups visiting our International Host-Family Centre? Meet and get to know the people of the country you visit. Illus. broch. EFA, 1 New Burlington St, Regent St, W1. REG. 8866.

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SE comprendre c'est la paix. The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1, and now also at Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W8, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. SLO. 9595.

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PROTRAVEL – The Travel Agency You Can Trust, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson, open until 7 p.m. on Thursday). LAN. 3101.

TRAVEL Advice Ind. inform, by world traveller; not an agency; question to B.A.C.E. Apptd 116, Coimbra, Portugal.

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HIGHGATE Village 5 mins. 3-room suite, well furn., all equipment (inc. frig.) exc. linen; own telephone and meters. Ideal one, suitable two. Vacant 20 April. Box 9256.

CHEERFUL single/dble rms, clsg facs. Perm. or temp. HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684.

BED-sitting room, lge, comfortable, quiet hse, Hampstead Gdn Suburb. SPE. 7684.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

WELL-furn., re-decorated room in s/c. private residential flat Kensington, W8. C.h., c.h.w., linen, private extension 'phone in room. Professional or business woman reqd. WEStern 5008 after 7 p.m.

COTTAGE, garden, 22 mls. S. London. All amenities. Owner only able visit occas. Suggestions invited for tenancy. London accom. possibly alternative. Box 9284.

B/S., Putney, small, light, clsg. facs., in flat, artist's fam. Reas. rent to yng. female willing sit-in occas. Van. 1318.

ATTRAC. f. 2-rm. flatlet nr. Golders Gn Stn. Prof. Jewish hsehld. Box 9216.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 25, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

ACCOM. with partial board available. Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

NR Baker St. Small 1-rm flatlet, no sep. kit. 67s. 6d. HAM. 8109 evg/w'end.

HAMPSTEAD. Young prof. woman offered share flat. Own room. PRI. 1896 evngs.

HAMPSTEAD spac. flatlet 8 min. Heath. Prof./bus man. 6 mths min. Box 8833.

TO Let, sngl. furn. room, h. & c. clsg facils. Crouch End, 'phone FIT. 0773.

HIGHGATE Woods. Small divan-room. 30s., reduction occasional hsework. 3s. 6d. p. hr. Suit stud. or teacher. TUD. 8207.

HIGHGATE. Attractive furn. flat, 5 gns. p.w. Suit 2 bus people. MOU. 3676.

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BED sit. in graduette's flat, W9. Use kit., bath, 'phone, 3 gns. Box 9246.

YOUNG, lge divan room. C.h. Clsg facs. Private house. 55s. STR. 5705.

LGE. furn. sgle room, c.h., gas, h. & c. in rm, use bath, clsr. 77s. 6d. No serv./linen. Quiet tenant. Also double furn. room, use k. & b. 87s. 6d. CUN. 2529.

FOR business/professional woman Richmond large part-furnished room in period house. All facs, centre transport. Box 9260.

BED.-sit. & k'ette, newly dec., lady preferred. 20 mins. Cent. Ldn. BAL. 9573.

SHARE btful gdn flat NW6, two yg women, cat. Lge b/sitter. 50s. Box 9271.

LGE bright bed/sit. inc. htg, c.h.w., lin., cleaning. 70s. p.w. MAI. 2848.

FURN. flat 2 lge rms, lg. kit., bathrm, w.c. HAM. 4552 betw. 6 & 7.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

SAD young designer with wistful wife would dearly love to move to anything offered by some beautiful person, so that we can expand in scale both spacious and gracious. Anyone mad enough to spend two August weeks in seediest Pimlico (Peabody Hygienic), little room for 2 & 2 children and swop their place wild remote or seaside, write Rufus Segar, 4 Cambridge Bdgs, Thorndike St SW1.

BUSINESS girl seeks accommodation accessible to Marylebone. Box 9234.

YOUNG cple req. friendly atmos., attrac. accom. for 2 wks. 4 April. Box 9312.

WARM Flat wanted near any Central London Line Station between Tott. Ct. Rd. and Lpool St, by middle-aged professional couple. Rental up to £300 p.a. incl. or will consider purchase. Box 8746.

BIRMINGHAM schoolmaster, NS reader, sks comf. room with board. Box 9175.

PROPERTIES TO LET

N. DULWICH. Furn. s/c flat, lge sit.-rm, bedrm, kit./bathrm. 4 gns. 12 mins train London Bridge/buses. FOR. 1374.

ISLE of Wight: Furn., thatched cottage: all electric, telephone, garage, bath, mains water. Close sailing. To let: May; from 14 September and onwards. Sleep 6. Box 9071.

CORSHAM, 4 m. Chippenham, 9 m. Bath, in Cotswold country. Three residential studios to let unfurnished; recent conversion. 2 bed, bath, w.c., large studio and kitchenette in each. Main electricity, gas, water. Garages & small gardens. Very quiet but unsuitable young children. Apply Corsham Estates, 15 St Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

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COLOURFUL, comfortable family house. 5/6 bedrooms, 2/3 reception. Excellent kitchen, bathroom, boxroom, airing cupboard. Separate w.c. Agamatic and immersion heaters. Profusion elec and gas points. Easy garden. Rear access and space for garage. 20 miles Oxford Circus. £4,000. Tel. Patience Collier, Hoddesdon 2412.

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OPERA AND BALLET

CARL ROSA OPERA
Week 31 March-5 April
Lyceum Theatre, Sheffield

Mon. Carmen
Tue. Cav. and Pag.
Wed. The Barber of Seville
Thu. The Tales of Hoffman
Fri. Faust
Sat. (Mat.) Rigoletto
Sat. (Evg.) Carmen
Evenings 7.15. Sat. Mat. 2.30.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
Tel. TERminus 1672
Evgs. at 7.0. Last 3 weeks.

31 March Trittico
1 April Tosca
2 & 8 April The Merry Widow
3 April The Magic Flute
5 April Samson and Delilah

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
COVENT GARDEN
(Tel. Covent Garden 1066)
THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
31 March at 7.30.
Les Sylphides, Rake's Progress, Lady & the Fool.
1 April at 7.30.
Les Patineurs, Coppelia.
5 April at 2.0.
Lady & the Fool, Hamlet, Coppelia Act 3.
COVENT GARDEN OPERA
2 April at 7.0.
Aida (in Italian).
3 April at 7.30.
La Boheme.
5 April at 7.30.
Rigoletto.

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu/Fri. Evs. 8.0. Sat. & Sun. 5.0 & 8.0. The Catalyst. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. 8.0, S. 5.30, 8.30. Th. 2.30. Greenwood, Lysistrata.

IRVING. WHI. 8627. Non-stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr. Fr. 2.30. Sn. 4. Mems. New Ed.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30. S. 5, 8.15. This wk &14-26 Apr. Yvonne Mitchell in 'Epitaph for George Dillon'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. The Glass Menagerie, by Tennessee Williams.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Last week. 'The Crucible'. Fri. Sat. Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

MUSIC for Passiontide. Tuesday, 1 April at 7 p.m. St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Requiem: Anerio. Works by Morales, Palestrina and John IV of Portugal. The Renaissance Singers, Director: Michael Howard. Admission by programme 4s. at the door.

ANDRE Marchal. Organ Recital – Bach, Franck, Tournemire. Wed., 2 Apr., at 5.45. Royal Festival Hall. Tickets: 4s (inc. prog.). WAT. 3191.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Artists of The Italian Renaissance (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. American Film Season. Until 30 Mar.: 'Baby Doll' (X). From 31 Mar.: 'Twelve Angry Men' (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. Wk. c. Mar. 30 7 days Glenn Ford. The Blackboard Jungle, X. Adults. Belafonte, Bright Road, U.

'PARDESI' (The Foreigner). By popular request repeat exhibition – final – of First Indo-Soviet co-production feature film in Sovcolour & Sovscope, starring Oleg Streezhenov (of 'Forty-First') in title role, with Nargis and P. Kapoor, Direction K. A. Abbas ('Munna' fame) and V. M. Pronin, on Sun. 6 April 1958 at Playhouse, Hampstead (4.30 & 7.30 p.m.). For det. & mem. apply Asian Film Society, 11 Greek St, W1. GER. 0287.

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films, Sundays 2.30 and 3.45. 30 March: Grèce, Autel des Dieux. Foothold in Antarctica, Indian Heritage No. 2. (375.)

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Today, 29 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. and their guests 5s.

CALYPSO. Christian Action S. Africa Dance, 87 Cromwell Rd, SW5. 30 Mar., 7 p.m. 4s. HAM. 9336.

PAKISTAN Students Federation Republic Day anniversary. Cultural show. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Friday, 28 March, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s.

EXHIBITIONS

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Clemente—24 New Paintings. Till 2 April. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Reproductions for presents. Recipients can choose from the illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, London, WC1.

PIERRE Montal, 14 South Molton St, W1. Paintings from Israel by S. Russotta. First show in England. Also Water Colours by M. Blond.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5. Adm. free.

MODERN Israel Painting. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 12 April, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

PAINTINGS by Leslie Dyer, Hauser Gallery, 281 Finchley Rd, NW3. 18 Mar.-12 Apr. 9-6 daily ex. Thurs. aftn. & Sun.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Later works, Jack B. Yeats. Daily 9.30-6, Saturdays 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints: Peter Peri; Pilgrim's Progress Suite – 18 etchings. 7 Cork St, London, W1. REG. 3660.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W1. XX Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1 (GERrard 3529). Alexander Weatherson, paintings.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Robert Colquhoun: retrospective 1940-58. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Closed 4 to 7 April inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Some Pictures from the E. J. Power Collection. Till 19 April. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Norman Adams: Paintings & Watercolours; Austin Wright, Sculpture and Drawings. Closing 3 April.

AIA 25th Anniversary Exhibition at RBA Galleries, Suffolk St, Pall Mall, SW1. Weekdays 10-5. Tues. & Fri. 10-7.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Av. Paddington Art Society. Until 20 April.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Paintings by Lucian Freud – drawings by Marcel Frishman. 25 March until 12 April. Daily 10-5.30. Sats 10-12.30.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ALGERIA DAY

PUBLIC MEETING
TUESDAY, 1 APRIL at 7.30 p.m.
CAXTON HALL, Westminster, SW1.

Chairman: Fenner Brockway, MP

Their Excellencies the Ambassadors of Morocco, Tunisia and Libya will be present.

Speakers:
Anthony Wedgwood Benn, MP; Barbara Castle, MP; Cmdr Thomas Fox-Pitt; Hussein Hallak; Thomas Hodgkin.

Organised by the ARAB STUDENTS' UNION, 84 High Street, W8. WES. 0865 in co-operation with Movement for Colonial Freedom and the Afro-Asian Students' Co-ordination Committee

UNIVERSITIES AND LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'The New Statesman: Writing and Responsibility'—Lindsay Anderson
Monday, 31 March, 7.30 p.m.
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2
(off Cambridge Circus)
Beer, spirits, coffee
Admission 2s. Members 1s.

SOCIALIST Medical Association – Day School, Sun., 30 March. 10 a.m.-1 p.m.; 2 p.m.-4.30 p.m. Nat. Health Service – Next Ten Years. Drs Joules, Leff, Sluglett, Freeman. All welcome. 4s. 6d. at door, at 37 Broadhurst Gdns., Finchley Road, NW3.

CENTRAL London Fabian Soc. Mrs Helen Bentinck on The Record of the Labour Party on the LCC. Wed., 2 April, 7.30, 57 Dean St, W1. Vis. 2s

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALDERMASTON March: Good Friday: Trafalgar Square, 11 a.m. Meeting, Isleworth Public Hall, South Street, 8 p.m. Saturday: Assemble Bell Corner, Hounslow, 9.45 a.m. Outdoor rally Salt Hills Recreation Ground, Slough, 3 p.m. Meeting, Maidenhead Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Easter Sunday: Assemble Maidenhead Station 9.45 a.m. Meeting, Reading Town Hall, 7.30 p.m. Monday: Assemble St. Mary's Butts, Reading, 9.40 a.m. Outdoor rally Aldermaston, 3.15 p.m. 3 Blackstock Rd, N4.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship Fifth Annual Conference – Saturday, 29 March. Delegates and members welcome. Followed by a dance in the evening 7-11 p.m. everyone welcome. Tickets available from Transport House, Smith Square, SW1, price 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Film programme, including 'African Conflict'. Tuesday, 1 April, 7.30. Adm. 3s. 6d. Members 2s. 6d.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 28 March, 8 p.m. Beryl Grey: 'Dancing at the Bolshoi'.

'PILLS & Free-Will.' D. Stark Murray, M.D. Sun., 11 a.m., 30 Mar. S. Place Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Write for free 'Record'. Chamber Music Concerts Sun., 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

SHAW Society: Esme Percy Mem. Reading by Margaret Rawlings, 28 Mar., 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St, W1. Adm. by memb. or 5s. (also 25 Apl. Lord Altrincham.)

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m Sun., 30 March. 'Is Theosophy a Religion?' ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Sun. 5 p.m., 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Bhagavad-Gita. All welc. Vedanta magazine 2s. 6d.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 30 March, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. H. J. Blackham: 'Why I do not want to survive death'.

CONWAY Discussions, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. 7.15 Tues. 1 Apr. Lord Snell's 'Men, Movements and Myself'. Free.

'A NEW Religion?' Talk and Discussion. Monday, 31 March, 7.45 p.m. 32 Percy Street (Tot. Ct Rd), W1.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

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